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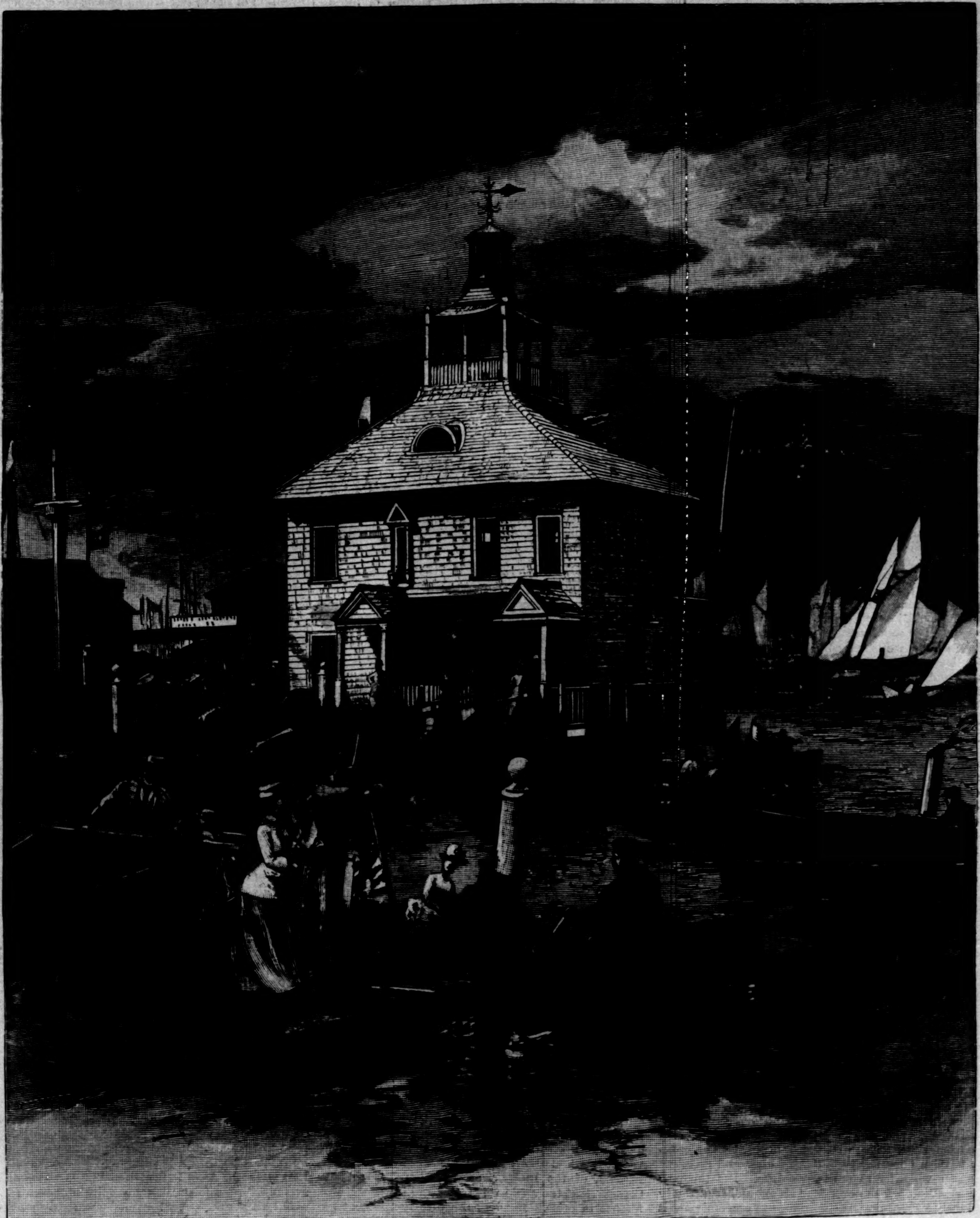

THE NEWPORT CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE contains such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for August 27th MR. HOWARD PYLE, *author of "The Wonder Clock," etc., reappears as a teller of fairy tales. In this character* MR. PYLE *has no superior, and the quality of the illustrations with which he embellishes his stories has never been equalled in work of a similar character.* MR. PYLE *will contribute a story every few weeks.*

In the next number will be begun a short serial story, entitled

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE HURRISHOFFER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. HERFORD.

This is a story in a vein somewhat similar to that whimsical extravaganza "The Hurrishoffer." It will be found good for many a hearty laugh.

No. 1706.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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A GREAT QUESTION.

RECENT incidents in Southern States, the lynching of the negro assailant of a white girl in Georgia, the riot and murder at Richmond in Texas, the lynching of a negro prisoner by Louisiana "regulators," the burning in effigy of the postmaster at Atlanta for appointing a colored clerk, the circumstances of the trial of the colored preacher YELDELL in South Carolina, the shooting of a chief of police in Tennessee by colored men, and other constant disturbances and troubles, are all signs of a situation which will soon challenge the utmost sagacity of American statesmanship. The problem presented in the Southern States is wholly unprecedented, and ought to be fully comprehended and considered. It will not be settled by the remark that it is a local question which concerns only the States in which it exists, that the Supreme Court has decided that the United States have no authority to intervene, and that every State, under the same circumstances, would do what South Carolina and Louisiana and Mississippi do. Nothing was literally truer than that slavery was sectional, and existed only by State law. The antislavery movement was denounced as culpable meddling with the rights of States. But however all that might have been, the event proved, as had been foreseen by the most thoughtful and intelligent Americans, that the national interest in the question of slavery was vital. It is equally true that the question of the relation of the white and colored races as equal citizens in States of a population equally divided between the two, and where the colored race is much more rapidly increasing, involves the interests of the whole Union, and tests the principles and institutions of the American government more severely than they have yet been tested.

It is a fact of the highest significance that the great multitude of the most intelligent and substantial citizens of the Southern States, the leaders of their education, industry, and prosperity, who are neither Jacobites nor Bourbons, who rejoice that slavery is at an end, and who cherish no aims or desires apart from the Union and the national welfare, are firmly persuaded that the political equality of the races, the unrestricted exercise of the rights of equal citizenship, is impossible in those States. Look, for instance, at the feeling and situation in a county of North Carolina, one of the quietest of the Southern States, where the colored population is about one-third of the whole. Just after the war, during the negro dominance, the County Commission was composed of a negro chairman and three negro members who could not write their names, and one white man. They levied high taxes, and the financial situation was such that when they were driven from power the county paper was hardly worth ten cents on the dollar, and the colored sheriff, one of "the ring," absconded with nearly thirty thousand dollars. There was universal and complete misgovernment. But under "white rule" the county has paid the debt, the taxes are low, and school-houses are open everywhere for black and white. There is general content and prosperity, except that the negroes are represented as even more ignorant and superstitious than when emancipated. There is, however, no ill feeling toward them upon the part of the whites, and no disposition whatever to re-enslave them. But the new generation, which never held slaves, and is perfectly loyal to the Union, is determined to prevent what it considers the lapse of their community into barbarism under negro ascendency. Yet this determination contemplates, if necessary, the destruction of the right of the majority, the overthrow by the whites of the law of suffrage, from which alone they derive their own right to vote. It contemplates a State living in constant violation of its own fundamental law, and securing by that violation political advantages over those citizens in other States who obey it. That is to say, it contemplates an intolerable and impossible condition. It is in the highest sense an overthrow of the most sacred right of every State in the Union, which is to enjoy constitutional equality. It contemplates a result by individual action in a State which is constitutionally forbidden to the State itself, namely, the suppression of a vote—in many districts a majority vote—on account of race and color.

It is, however, undeniable that the reasons for this course are of the most powerful kind. It has been demonstrated that any other course in many districts abandons them practically to the control of those who are absolutely unfitted for civilized government. Apparently it must lead to their abandonment by the whites, and to their total occupation by semicivilized negroes. Yet, again, the negroes are acquiring a certain degree of instruction, which will reveal to them their rights and their superior force, while the habit of servility sprung from slavery is rapidly disappearing. And all the while the negroes are increasing in numbers more rapidly than the whites, while the instinct of social self-preservation naturally welds the whites together, and what they hold to be the safety of society itself is with them necessarily the paramount public issue. This compels the intelligence of the Southern communities to oppose any party which by favoring negro ascendency seems to them to threaten civilization among them. In this grave situation something more is necessary than to say that a free vote and a fair count will settle the question. Nobody has yet proposed to show either how, under the circumstances, a free vote and a fair count can be secured, or how they would settle the question. A free vote and a fair count might restore the North Carolina county of which we have spoken to the condition from which it has escaped. Is that a result which the country desires, or which it would wish to employ the army to maintain? The truth is that the question, which we have merely stated, is one of the most serious, and certainly the most difficult, which confronts the American people. We are very far from saying or thinking that they are unequal to its wise settlement. But nothing will be gained by denying the existence of the question, or by belittling it, or by ostrich statesmanship which shuts its eyes. Its treatment must be approached in a larger spirit than that of a desire to secure a party advantage. It appeals to patriotism, not to party, like the question of slavery and the war.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

THE advantage of publicity in all transactions of the government, except those which for the public interest plainly require secrecy, is well illustrated in the correspondence of the Interior Department and the late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. OBERLY. A copy was furnished by Mr. OBERLY to Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of the Indian Rights Association, and upon consultation with intelligent friends it has been published. It gives an instructive glimpse of certain transactions in the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. The conduct of the bureau under Mr. OBERLY's predecessor, Commissioner ATKINS, during the CLEVELAND administration, was undoubtedly partisan and discreditable. But no charge, to our knowledge, was ever sustained, if made, against the freedom from partisanship, the honesty, and the efficiency of Mr. OBERLY's administration of Indian affairs. The published correspondence treats of contracts at the end of his term for Indian supplies, and more specifically for blankets, soap, and dried apples. In regard to the apples the letter of one firm, Messrs. ALLEN & Co., states that they put in a sample of dried apples as good as could be furnished in a lot of 30,000 pounds, but as the contract was awarded to a higher bid they infer that a better sample was submitted. They then remark that they succeeded in cancelling a rival contract under the late Secretary of the Interior, and add that "there are six strong Republicans in our family," and that "of course we expect as much consideration from the present administration as from the last."

To this letter the inspector whose opinion decided the award replied that excellence in the sample was the only test; that the contract was awarded to the offerers of the best sample, although they were entirely unknown to him; and Commissioner OBERLY, alluding to the transaction cited by Messrs. ALLEN, said that he did not wish to repeat the error of selecting a cheap article at a low price, and made the award for a good apple, assuming that the contract would be honestly fulfilled. Assistant Secretary BUSSEY, of the Interior, agreed, according to Mr. OBERLY, that the apple was better and worth the difference in price. But he subsequently said that he was not aware of the difference in price, although it is not easy to see why he supposed that the question of quality was referred to him if that of price was not involved. The result was that the contract was awarded to the firm which submitted the poorer article, but which had six Republicans in the family, and had been favored by a Democratic administration. The correspondence reveals similar circumstances in the blanket contract. There are few bidders to furnish blankets, and one contractor, Mr. DOBSON, had often obtained contracts by submitting a good sample and furnishing poor blankets. This was known to Mr. OBERLY, and he met Mr. DOBSON's offer of the best sample at the lowest price by recommending the rejection of all bids, and inviting new ones upon terms which would insure good blankets, and debar from competition Mr. DOBSON, who had defaulted upon a previous contract. The recommendation was approved, and the new bids invited. But upon a protest from Mr. DOBSON the decision was reversed, and the contract was awarded to him in direct contravention of the statute which forbids the consideration by the department of proposals from corporations or persons who have failed to perform former contracts to the satisfaction of the government. The real reasons for the change of decision in this matter do not appear. But what does appear is that the effort to secure honest dealing for the government and the Indian service was baffled, and the contract awarded, against the law, to a person who had previously defaulted in the performance of a similar contract.

Mr. OBERLY is a Democrat, and his retention as Commissioner was opposed by the allegation that he was a strong partisan. But to our knowledge no evidence that he was swayed in the slightest degree by partisan considerations in the discharge of his official duties has ever been made public. He was superseded, and this correspondence shows that his last act in the Indian administration was a manly attempt to obtain justice for the Indian and to prevent swindling of the people. Transactions done in the dark have long justified Indian mistrust of the government, and have deeply disgraced the American name. Those transactions are of the kind which this correspondence reveals, and the publication is a public benefit, because the Interior Department, by a satisfactory explanation of the facts stated in the correspondence, will be able to awaken confidence in its Indian administration, or by its silence or ineffective reply will prove, what it is very desirable should be publicly known, that the old abuses of that administration remain.

THE CONVENTION OF THE GRAND ARMY.

THE meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Milwaukee, which begins on the 27th of August, will be unusually significant and interesting. It is understood that Mr. TANNER was made Commissioner of Pensions in deference to the supposed wishes of the Grand Army, and it is not unfair to say that he has always traded politically upon his connection with it. The proceedings of the Convention will be scanned attentively to see whether the views of the Commissioner are adopted by the Grand Army as its policy, and whether the efforts of those who would practically transform into a political engine an organization designed for purely patriotic and humane purposes shall actually prevail—a result which from many indications has seemed to be not improbable. Various posts have warmly commended the Commissioner's course, and we have seen no objection offered to it by authority of the army. Criticism of Mr. TANNER is denounced by self-constituted advocates as evincing hostility to the Grand Army, as if acceptance of Mr. TANNER as its worthy representative would be a compliment to the Army. The members of the Army who identify its character and interests with the views and course of the Commissioner seem to us unjust both to themselves and to the Grand Army. The ample recognition by a grateful country of the heroic services of its soldiers and sailors is very different from the eagerness of politicians who, to promote their personal political interests, outstrip each other in favoring any pension appropriation. The latter is not gratitude, or respect, or consideration for veterans. It is a degradation of the Grand Army, and an impeachment of the gratitude of the country.

It would be indeed a monstrous proof of national indifference to the services and sufferings of American citizens in defence of their government and country if they were left to languish in neglect and in suffering arising from their service. But no such charge can be made against the United States. In munificent consideration for soldiers and their families they have surpassed all other countries. Since 1860 more than a billion of dollars has been expended in pensions. Liberality and regard for the private soldier have been the characteristics of our later pension legislation. Formerly pensions were graded by rank, but this practice has been changed, and the laws tend to place officers and men upon an equality, and although the pension laws are inconsistent in many details, their generous and just spirit is incontestable. The pension disbursements for this year, according to recent statements, will be about eighty millions and a half of dollars, and the statistics show an annual increase for twenty-six years of more than three millions. This is a great sum, but it is not grudgingly given. It is the debt of a grateful people, which willingly taxes itself to provide for those who offered their lives for its salvation. But it was a wholly voluntary provision. It was not necessary that the veterans should extort it by organizing to secure it. It was the natural instinct of the old Continental Congress, which, just after the Declaration of Independence, established our pension system by declaring that the disabled survivors of the Revolutionary war would be duly cared for.

Our later pension laws, with their greater equality, sprang from the same instinct. There has been no negligence, no remissness, above all no stinginess or meanness, on the part of the country, in providing pensions. Consequently there is no excuse for combinations to compel such provisions; least of all, for transforming a noble and natural company of comrades, united by the recollection of heroic patriotic services, into a political body to demand such provisions as the price of votes. No honorable American citizen who adds to that distinction the further one of patriotic military service will assert that there must be no limit to the pension appropriation; that every claim made by a soldier or by an association of soldiers ought for that reason to be allowed; and that scrutiny and candid consideration of them should be treated as want of sympathy with veterans, and forgetfulness of the great cause which they served. Liberal interpretation of the pension laws means interpretation by rules of equity, but it does not necessarily mean indefinite increase of pension rates. Pensions for the late war are invalid pensions founded upon disabilities resulting from service in the line of duty. A liberal interpretation of such laws would require a liberal view of the origin of such disabilities, but obviously it would not require support of a service pension. That would be not an interpretation of existing laws, but a proposition for new laws, the arguments for which should be carefully considered, but opposition to which would not necessarily imply ingratitude, meanness, nor unreason. The pension laws so directly affect taxation and the national finances that a movement to amend them by changing the basis of the pension, and largely increasing the pension list, must be supported by other arguments than the allegation that national gratitude and a just estimate of the claims of veterans require the change. Those who are most grateful and most generous in their judgment of such claims may not think such a change desirable either for veterans or for the public welfare.

THE ASSAULT UPON MR. JUSTICE FIELD.

The case of the shooting of Judge Terry in the act of assaulting a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was so simple and clear that public opinion throughout the country was at once decided and unanimous. One of the most notorious men in the country, who, although the embodiment of lawless violence, by some ironical freak of fortune had been Chief Justice of California, physically a powerful man, who with his wife was known to be seeking the Justice with the purpose of murder, attacks him in a public eating-room, and in the act of following up his attack is shot dead while his wife is hurrying to his aid with a hand-bag containing a revolver. So far as the dead man is concerned, there is not an intelligent American who does not feel that his death is a public benefit, and the shooting a public service. Mr. Justice Field, indeed, did not himself shoot Terry in self-defence. The shot was fired by a United States marshal, who had been detailed to accompany the Justice and defend him from personal assault. For the very event which occurred was anticipated. Terry had threatened vengeance against the Justice, who had committed him to jail for drawing a knife upon an officer in court, and his purpose was constantly stimulated by his wife, who had been baffled by the Justice in a desperate attempt, by forgery of a marriage certificate, to obtain a large sum of money.

That, under the conceded circumstances, Justice Field was discharging his duty in constant imminent peril of his life, is undeniable, and it is equally clear that it was the duty of the United States through its proper agents to protect him. To do this effectively it was necessary that he should be attended by a guard at every moment. The Justice was more exposed when off the bench than when he was holding court. The anticipated assault would be undoubtedly made upon his journey from town to town, and there must be no moment of carelessness upon the part of his guard. As the event proved, if the marshal had not been perfectly vigilant, prompt, and cool, we should have seen a Justice of the United States assassinated in the discharge of his duty. But if no precautions had been taken, if the Justice had been left exposed alone and undefended to the mercies of a miscreant who had announced his intention, and whose purpose was known, the condemnation of an administration which had permitted a Justice, under the circumstances of this case, to proceed unattended upon his circuit, would have been instant and overwhelming. Thus charged with the duty of defence, the marshal performed it according to his best judgment, which was undoubtedly the judgment of every sensible man.

He will be tried, of course, and his plea will be doubtless found adequate and complete. Terry was a kind of man which the barbarism of slavery bred, and of which California has naturally had a large share. His official prominence is a curious illustration of the condition of the community in which he lived, and as late as 1880, when his character and career were fully known, he was made a candidate for Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. He leaves a wife who seems to have been a fit partner for him. She has apparently the same fierce and ungoverned passions, and was an accessory to the assault upon Justice Field. Indeed, she is so much like her husband that neither Judge Field nor any reasonable man can suppose that she would hesitate, under favoring circumstances, to attempt the completion of her husband's crime. As society protects itself against the insane and vagrant, it should be able to defend itself against such proved criminal viciousness as that of Terry and his wife.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

At the late annual meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association a resolution was adopted requesting Congress to transfer to its custody "the four twelve-pounder bronze pieces captured from Burgoyne," which are now at the Watervliet Arsenal, to be planted at the four corners of the monument. The advantage of placing such memorable relics in the hands of those who have an especial interest in their preservation is illustrated by the fact that two or three years ago these cannon were about to be sold for old metal, and were saved only by the earnest protest of some gentlemen in West Troy who knew their historic value.

The happy completion of the monument which commemorates the greatest Revolutionary event in the State of New York, which marked the culmination of the contest, and was largely decisive of the final triumph, will be due, more than to any other individual, to the Hon. John H. Starin, the President of the Association. Mr. Starin's indefatigable attention to the work, his intelligent care, and his constant liberality deserve public acknowledgment. He has been faithfully seconded by the Secretary, Mr. William L. Stone; with both it has been a labor of love and patriotism.

PROMPT JUSTICE.

The prompt sentence of Eben S. Allen, the forging president of a street railway company in New York, to fourteen years' imprisonment at hard labor, the equally prompt sentence of William Trainor, who shot at a broker in Broadway, to fifteen years and six months' imprisonment, and the no less prompt conviction and sentence of Sullivan the prize-fighter, at Purvis, Mississippi, all announced upon the same day, are pleasant illustrations of that swiftness of justice which is one of the surest guarantees against crime. There was no doubt in any of the cases. Allen confessed, Trainor was taken in the act, and Sullivan's violation of law was notorious and undenied.

The last case is significant. If "sporting circles" come to understand that the laws against brutality are to be enforced, and heroes of the prize-ring comprehend that their "heroism" is a public offence, there will be fewer humiliating spectacles like the late fight. It is worthy of note also that Sullivan was convicted in Mississippi, a State in which perhaps that particular kind of justice was less expected than in some others. It was a Mississippi Governor who insisted that the offender should be tried, and who persistently demanded his delivery from other States for that purpose. It was a Mississippi judge whose vigorous and effective charge to the grand jury to do their duty secured the indictment, and a Mississippi rural jury which found the verdict, which the same judge followed with a sentence to pay the highest penalty allowed by law.

Massachusetts could not have done better, and no more creditable incident has recently occurred in Mississippi. Prize-fighting is a brutal, inhuman, and disgusting performance. Its demoralizing and degrading tendency is recognized by the law which aims to protect society from its influences. It has acquired a factitious importance from the attention paid to it by a certain part of the press, and the vindication of the law by the punishment of the offenders in Mississippi and elsewhere would be agreeable to the most manly and intelligent sentiment of the country. While the Governor of Mississippi has thus vigorously and successfully preserved the order and good name of his State, the Governor of Louisiana has seized the white lynchers of negroes, and they are lying in jail to be tried for murder, and the Governor of Texas marches troops to deal with the white rioters and murderers at Richmond, in that State. These are all good signs of a sound public sentiment in quarters where its force will be most serviceable.

GENERAL BOUM.

The condemnation of Boulanger and Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort by the French Senate is not merely a political movement. Boulanger is found guilty of embezzling public money, and that the opéra bouffe character of his career may be maintained he declares that the money which he is accused of taking he devoted to the relief of the families of poor soldiers. Undoubtedly the suffering should be relieved, but only a general of the Boum school would hold that money might be stolen for the purpose. The sentence was deportation to a fortified place. But it is not likely to be enforced, because Boulanger will not return to France, and France will not demand him of England.

The real trouble for him is that the case has been so managed that he is not made a martyr, while circumstances make him a little ridiculous, and the embezzlement is likely to be believed. With his comrades Dillon and Rochefort, who do not lend dignity to him or his position, Boulanger has issued a manifesto which is without force and full of invective. His personality is not attractive, and arouses no enthusiasm, while he has no real representative character, and stands for no cause. He has been used as a tool and "dummy" by those who have other views than his, and there is apparently no strong feeling in regard to the judgment of the Senate.

It is perhaps a good augury for France that at a time when there is no eminent leadership among her public men an incident like that of Boulanger's manifesto and attempted disturbance should make little impression, and ludicrously fail of its purpose. The situation indicates a steadiness of the public mind which signifies greater political maturity, and it is probably true that because of that steadiness the political situation in France is more hopeful than at any time in the century since the Revolution.

TIRED OF BEING A STATE.

It is remarkable that while four of the Territories are eagerly hastening to complete their admission into the Union as States, one of the States would be glad to escape its expenses and obligations as such. Nevada was part of the California territory ceded by Mexico to the United States in 1848. Then it was attached to Utah. It was constituted a Territory in 1861, and admitted into the Union in 1864. In 1880 its population was about 62,000, but it is now fallen to about 40,000. The State has never prospered, and the people are seriously discussing schemes of annexation and junction with some other State or Territory.

The 40,000 people of the State are represented in the Senate by an equal vote with the 5,000,000 of New York. California would hardly wish to add Nevada to itself at the cost of two Senatorial votes to the Pacific slope, and the solution of the difficulty is not clear. The moral of the unprecedented situation is that there should be no haste in admitting Territories as States. There are other things to be considered in such a transaction than adding votes to a party in the Senate or a star to the flag.

THE PLEDGE AND THE PERFORMANCE.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says:

> "There is a vast amount of talk concerning the spirit of civil service reform, but there is a great deal that is nebulous and intangible about that spirit, as there is about spirits generally. The administration is not called upon to go beyond the law and to enforce the spirit of reform as it may be defined by mugwump doctrinaires, who are, indeed, discordant among themselves. No executive is bound to place himself beyond the law which he is enjoined to execute, and to resolve the spirit into the letter. The executive who assumes to do this will very speedily find himself involved in 'a sea of troubles.'"

But the Republican platform upon which President Harrison was elected says distinctly, "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments." If there be any meaning in words or honor in pledges, President Harrison is bound "to resolve the spirit into the letter." For example, the appointment to an office like the First Assistant Postmaster-Generalship of a frank and active enemy of reform is a direct contravention of the platform and violation of a pledge. It would seem to be tolerably clear that the spirit of temperance reform requires that a man should not get drunk.

PERSONAL.

Justice Field, whose name has been brought into unsought prominence by the recent sudden taking off of Judge Terry in California, belongs to the group of Field brothers so well known in this city. David Dudley, Cyrus W., Stephen J., Matthew (deceased), and Henry M. made a team of boys who in their progressive mischief were the terror and at the same time the admiration of the Berkshire (Massachusetts) town where they were reared. Their boyish pranks often dismayed their father, the village parson, but they all reached eminence in their varied callings. Justice Field, although of smaller stature than his brothers, possessed his full share of courage and energy. Early in life he went to California, and on more than one occasion, when a legislator or when practising his profession in the courts, his life was threatened by those to whom the pistol was a more potent force than the law.

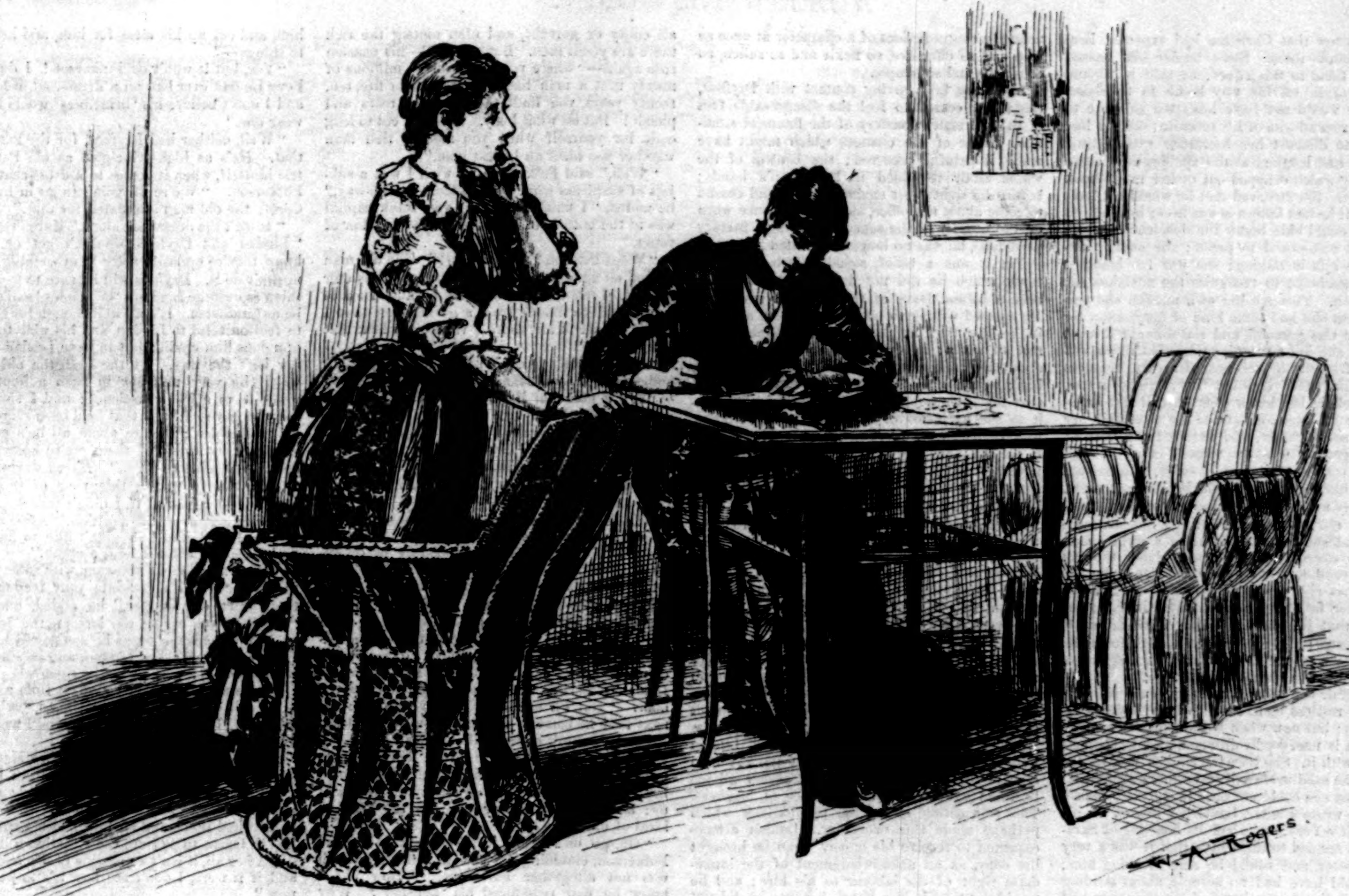
—Readers of Harper's periodicals will be pleased to learn that twenty-five artists who frequently contribute to its pages have received awards at the Paris Exhibition, as follows: Edwin A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, L. O. Merson, and J. F. Raffaelli, first medals; Frederic Remington and Rosina Emmet Sherwood, second medals; Frank D. Millet, Alfred Parsons, H. F. Farny, Gilbert Gaul, Alfred Bramtot, and G. Rochegrosse, third medals; J. G. Brown, Joseph Pennell, W. H. Drake, and Charles H. Theriat, honorable mention; for engraving, Ch. Baude and A. Leveillé, first medals; William B. Closson, A. Bellenger, and John P. Davis, second medals; William Aikman and S. G. Putman, third medals; and G. Kruell and Henry Wolf, honorable mention.

—The Hartford friends of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe say that her health is much improved, and that she is more vigorous than she has been for years. Her mind is not always clear, but she is greatly interested in a biography of herself and her husband which her son is preparing.

—The old-time masters of the Boston schools are gradually passing away, and only a few of those who were in their prime thirty or forty years ago now remain in the ranks. One of the last to close a useful career was Francis S. Williams, long an instructor in the English High-school, and well known among Bostonians and others who were once his pupils. Among the veterans now on the retired list is Samuel Swan, who created a sensation at one time by introducing whistling as a vocal exercise in his school. His experiment was quite successful.

—W. G. Grace, England's greatest cricket-player, has just completed a quarter of a century of prominence in the game, the occasion being marked by a complimentary dinner at Canterbury. He is forty-two years old, but from infancy has lived in an atmosphere of cricket, and when only seventeen years old sprang into the front rank as a player. He has played in England, America, and Australia, and his score for twenty-five years is thirty-five thousand runs in first-class matches, and over two thousand wickets. Mr. Grace's magnificent physique and careful and temperate mode of living have enabled him to stand the wear and tear of the cricket field without injury, and he still holds his own as the best all-round player of the age.

THE GROSLAND ARCHES AND SKY-DOME CAVE, APOSTLES ISLANDS, LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 703.]



"WITH MELA'S HELP SHE WROTE A LETTER, BANTERING BEATON ON HIS STAY IN NEW YORK."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

IV.

THE Dryfoos family staid in town till August. Then the father went West again to look after his interests; and Mrs. Mandel took the two girls to one of the great hotels in Saratoga. Fulkerson said that he had never seen anything like Saratoga for fashion, and Mrs. Mandel remembered that in her own young ladyhood this was so for at least some weeks of the year. She had been too far withdrawn from fashion since her marriage to know whether it was still so or not. In this, as in so many other matters, the Dryfoos family helplessly relied upon Fulkerson, in spite of Dryfoos's angry determination that he should not run the family, and in spite of Christine's doubt of his omniscience; if he did not know everything, she was aware that he knew more than herself. She thought that they had a right to have him go with them to Saratoga, or at least go up and engage their rooms beforehand; but Fulkerson did not offer to do either, and she did not quite see her way to commanding his services. The young ladies took what Mela called splendid dresses with them; they sat in the park of tall, slim trees which the hotel's quadrangle enclosed, and listened to the music in the morning, or on the long piazza in the afternoon and looked at the driving in the street, or in the vast parlors by night, where all the other ladies were, and they felt that they were of the best there. But they knew nobody, and Mrs. Mandel was so particular that Mela was prevented from continuing the acquaintance even of the few young men who danced with her at the Saturday-night hops. They drove about, but they went to places without knowing why, except that the carriage man took them, and they had all the privileges of a proud exclusivism without desiring them. Once a motherly matron seemed to perceive their isolation, and made overtures to them, but then desisted, as if repelled by Christine's suspicion, or by Mela's too instant and hilarious good-fellowship, which expressed itself in hoarse laughter and in a flow of talk full of topical and syntactical freedom. From time to time she offered to bet Christine that if Mr. Fulkerson was only there they would have a good time; she wondered what they were all doing in New York, where she wished herself; she rallied her sister about Beaton, and asked her why she did not write and tell him to come up there.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D., OF YALE UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 703.]

WILLIAM WARNER, OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, RETIRING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

Mela knew that Christine had expected Beaton to follow them. Some banter had passed between them to this effect; he said he should take them in on his way home to Syracuse. Christine would not have hesitated to write to him and remind him of his promise; but she had learned to distrust her literature with Beaton since he had laughed at the spelling in a scrap of writing which dropped out of her music-book one night. She believed that he would not have laughed if he had known it was hers; but she felt that she could hide better the deficiencies which were not committed to paper; she could manage with him in talking; she was too ignorant of her ignorance to recognize the mistakes she made then. Through her own passion she perceived that she had some kind of fascination for him; she was graceful, and she thought it must be that; she did not understand that there was a kind of beauty in her small, irregular features that piqued and haunted his artistic sense, and a look in her black eyes beyond her intelligence and intention. Once he sketched her as they sat together, and flattered the portrait without getting what he wanted in it; he said he must try her some time in color; and he said things which, when she made Mela repeat them, could only mean that he admired her more than anybody else. He came fitfully, but he came often, and she rested content in a girl's indefiniteness concerning the affair; if her thought went beyond love-making to marriage, she believed that she could have him if she wanted him. Her father's money counted in this; she divined that Beaton was poor; but that made no difference; she would have enough for both; the money would have counted as an irresistible attraction if there had been no other.

The affair had gone on in spite of the sidelong looks of restless dislike with which Dryfoos regarded it; but now when Beaton did not come to Saratoga it necessarily dropped, and Christine's content with it. She bore the trial as long as she could; she used pride and resentment against it; but at last she could not bear it, and with Mela's help she wrote a letter, bantering Beaton on his stay in New York, and playfully boasting of Saratoga. It seemed to them both that it was a very bright letter, and would be sure to bring him; they would have had no scruple about sending it but for the doubt they had whether they had got some of the words right. Mela offered to bet Christine anything she dared that they were right, and she said, Send it anyway; it was no difference if they *were* wrong. But Christine could not endure to think of that laugh of Beaton's, and there remained only Mrs. Mandel as authority on the spelling. Christine dreaded her authority on other points, but Mela said she knew she would not interfere, and she undertook to get round her. Mrs. Mandel pronounced the spelling bad, and the taste worse; she forbade them to send the letter; and Mela failed to get round her, though she threatened, if Mrs. Mandel would not tell her how to spell the wrong words, that she would send the letter as it was; then Mrs. Mandel said that if Mr. Beaton appeared in Saratoga she would instantly take them both home. When Mela reported this result, Christine accused her of having mismanaged the whole business; she quarrelled with her, and they called each other names. Christine declared that she would not stay in Saratoga, and that if Mrs. Mandel did not go back to New York with her she should go alone. They returned the first week in September; but by that time Beaton had gone to see his people in Syracuse.

Conrad Dryfoos remained at home with his mother after his father went West. He had already taken such a vacation as he had been willing to allow himself, and had spent it on a charity farm near the city, where the fathers with whom he worked among the poor on the east side in the winter had sent some of their wards for the summer. It was not possible to keep his recreation a secret at the office, and Fulkerson found a pleasure in figuring the jolly time Brother Conrad must have teaching farm-work among those paupers and potential reprobates. He invented details of his experience among them, and March could not always help joining in the laugh at Conrad's humorless helplessness under Fulkerson's burlesque denunciation of a summer outing spent in such dissipation.

They had time for a great deal of joking at the office during the season of leisure which penetrates in August to the very heart of business, and they all got on terms of greater intimacy if not greater friendliness than before. Fulkerson had not had so long to do with the advertising side of human nature without developing a vein of cynicism, of no great depth, perhaps, but broad, and underlying his whole point of view; he made light of Beaton's solemnity, as he made light of Conrad's humanity. The art editor, with abundant sarcasm, had no more humor than the publisher, and was an easy prey in the manager's hands; but when he had been led on by Fulkerson's flatteries to make some betrayal of egotism, he brooded over it till he had thought how to revenge himself in elaborate insult. For Beaton's talent Fulkerson never lost his admiration; but his joke was to encourage him to give himself airs of being the sole source of the magazine's prosperity. No bait of this sort was too obvious for Beaton to swallow; he could be caught with it as often as Fulkerson chose, though he was ordinarily suspicious as to the motives of people in saying things. With March he got on no better than at first. He seemed to be lying in wait for some encroachment of the literary department on the art department, and he met it now and then with anticipative reprisal. After these rebuffs, the editor delivered him over to the manager, who could turn Beaton's contrary-mindedness to account by asking the reverse of what he really wanted done. This was what Fulkerson said; the fact was that he did get on with Beaton; and March contented himself with musing upon the contradictions of a character at once so vain and so offensive, so fickle and so sullen, so conscious and so simple.

After the first jarring contact with Dryfoos, the editor ceased to feel the disagreeable fact of the old man's mastery of the financial situation. None of the chances which might have made it painful occurred; the control of the whole affair remained in Fulkerson's hands; before he went West again, Dryfoos had ceased to come about the office, as if, having once worn off the novelty of the sense of owning a literary periodical, he was no longer interested in it.

Yet it was a relief, somehow, when he left town, which he did not do without coming to take a formal leave of the editor at his office. He seemed willing to leave March with a better impression than he had hitherto troubled himself to make; he even said some civil things about the magazine, as if its success pleased him; and he spoke openly to March of his hope that his son would finally become interested in it to the exclusion of the hopes and purposes which divided them. It seemed to March that in the old man's warped and toughened heart he perceived a disappointed love for his son greater than for his other children; but this might have been fancy. Lindau came in with some copy while Dryfoos was there, and March introduced them. When Lindau went out, March explained to Dryfoos that he had lost his hand in the war; and he told him something of Lindau's career as he had known it. Dryfoos appeared greatly pleased that *Every Other Week* was giving Lindau work. He said that he had helped to enlist a good many fellows for the war, and had paid money to fill up the Moffitt County quota under the later calls for troops. He had never been an Abolitionist, but he had joined the Anti-Nebraska party in '55, and he had voted for Fremont and for every Republican President since then.

At his own house March saw more of Lindau than of any other contributor, but the old man seemed to think that he must transact all his business with March at his place of business. The transaction had some peculiarities which perhaps made this necessary. Lindau always expected to receive his money when he brought his copy, as an acknowledgment of the immediate right of the laborer to his hire; and he would not take it in a check because he did not approve of banks, and regarded the whole system of banking as the capitalistic manipulation of the people's money. He would receive his pay only from March's hand, because he wished to be understood as working for him, and honestly earning money honestly earned; and sometimes March inwardly winced a little at letting the old man share the increase of capital won by such speculation as Dryfoos's, but he shook off the feeling. As the summer advanced, and the artists and classes that employed Lindau as a model left town one after another, he gave largely of his increasing leisure to the people in the office of *Every Other Week*. It was pleasant for March to see the respect with which Conrad Dryfoos always used him, for the sake of his wound and his gray beard. There was something delicate and fine in it, and there was nothing unkindly on Fulkerson's part in the hostilities which usually passed between him and Lindau. Fulkerson bore himself reverently at times too, but it was not in him to keep that up, especially when Lindau appeared with more beer aboard than, as Fulkerson said, he could manage ship-shape. On these occasions Fulkerson always tried to start him on the theme of the unduly rich; he made himself the champion of monopolies, and enjoyed the invectives which Lindau heaped upon him as a slave of capital; he said that it did him good.

One day, with the usual show of writhing under Lindau's scorn, he said, "Well, I understand that although you despise me now, Lindau—"

"I ton't desbise you," the old man broke in, his nostrils swelling and his eyes flaming with excitement; "I bity you."

"Well, it seems to come to the same thing in the end," said Fulkerson. "What I understand is that you pity me now as the slave of capital, but you would pity me a great deal more if I was the master of it."

"How you mean?"

"If I was rich."

"That would tebendt," said Lindau, trying to control himself. "If you hat inheritedt your money, you might pe innocent; but if you hat *mate* it, efery man that resbectedt himself would haf to ask *how* you mate it, and if you hat mate moch, he would know—"

"Hold on; hold on, now, Lindau! Ain't that rather un-American doctrine? We're all brought up, ain't we, to honor the man that made his money, and look down—or try to look down; sometimes it's difficult—on the fellow that his father left it to?"

The old man rose and struck his breast. "On-Amerigan!" he roared, and, as he went on, his accent grew more and more uncertain. "What iss Amerigan? Dere *iss* no Ameriga any more! You start here free and brafe, and you glaim for efery man de righdt to life, liperty, and de bursuit of habbiness. And where haf you entedt? No man that vorks vith his handts among you hass the liperty to bursue his habbiness. He iss the slafe of some richer man, some gompany, some gorporation, dat crindts him down to the least he can lif on, and that rops him of the marchin of his earnings that he might pe habby on. Oh, you Amerigans, you haf cot it down goldt, as you say! You ton't puy foters; you puy lechislatures and goncressmen; you puy gourts; you puy gombetitors; you bay infentors not to infent; you *atfertise*, and the gounting-room sees dat de etitorial-room toesn't tink."

"Yes, we've got a little arrangement of that sort with March here," said Fulkerson.

"Oh, I am sawry," said the old man, contritely, "I meant noting bersonal. I ton't tink we are all cuilty or gorrubt, and efen among the rich there are goodt men. But gabidal"—his passion rose again—"where you find gabidal, millions of money that a man hass cot togeder in fife, ten, twenty years, you findt the smell of tears and ploodt! Dat iss what I say. And you cot to loog oudt for yourself when you meet a rich man whether you meet an honest man."

"Well," said Fulkerson, "I wish I was a subject of suspicion with you, Lindau. By-the-way," he added, "I understand that you think capital was at the bottom of the veto of that pension of yours."

"What bension? What feto?" The old man flamed up again. "No bension of mine was efer fetoedt. I renounce my bension, begause I would sgorn to dake money from a gofernment that I ton'dt peliefe in any more. Where you hear that story?"

"Well, I don't know," said Fulkerson, rather embarrassed. "It's common talk."

"It's a gommon lie, then! When the time gome dat dis iss a vree gountry again, then I dake a bension again for my woundts; but I would *sdarfe* before I dake a bension now from a rebublic dat is bought oap by monobolies, andt ron by drusts and gompines, and railroadts andt oil gompanies!"

"Look out, Lindau," said Fulkerson. "You bite yourself mit dat dog some day." But when the old man, with a ferocious gesture of renunciation, whirled out of the place, he added: "I guess I went a little too far that time. I touched him on a sore place; I didn't mean to; I heard some talk about his pension being vetoed, from Miss Leighton." He addressed these exculpations to March's grave face, and to the pitying deprecation in the eyes of Conrad Dryfoos, whom Lindau's roaring wrath had summoned to the door. "But I'll make it all right with him the next time he comes. I didn't know he was loaded, or I wouldn't have monkeyed with him."

"Lindau does himself injustice when he gets to talking in that way," said March. "I hate to hear him. He's as good an American as any of us; and it's only because he has too high an ideal of us—"

"Oh, go on! Rub it in—rub it in!" cried Fulkerson, clutching his hair in suffering, which was not altogether burlesque. "How did I know he had renounced his 'bension'? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know it myself. I only knew that he had none, and I didn't ask, for I had a notion that it might be a painful subject."

Fulkerson tried to turn it off lightly. "Well, he's a noble old fellow; pity he drinks." March would not smile, and Fulkerson broke out: "Dog on it! I'll make it up to the old fool the next time he comes. I don't like that dynamite talk of his; but any man that's given his hand to the country has got mine in his grip for good. Why, March! You don't suppose I wanted to hurt his feelings, do you?"

"Why, of course not, Fulkerson."

But they could not get away from a certain ruefulness for that time, and in the evening Fulkerson came round to March's to say that he had got Lindau's address from Conrad, and had looked him up at his lodgings.

"Well, there isn't so much bricabrac there, quite, as Mrs. Green left you; but I've made it all right with Lindau, as far as I'm concerned. I told him I didn't know when I spoke that way, and I honored him for sticking to his 'brincibles'; *I* don't believe in his brincibles; and we wept on each other's necks—at least, he did. Dogged if he didn't kiss me before I knew what he was up to. He said I was his chenerous yong friendt, and he begged my barton if he had said anything to wound me. I tell you it was an affecting scene, March; and rats enough round in that old barracks where he lives to fit out a first-class case of *delirium tremens*. What does he stay there for? He's not obliged to?"

Lindau's reasons, as March repeated them, affected Fulkerson as deliciously comical; but after that he confined his pleasantries at the office to Beaton and Conrad Dryfoos, or, as he said, he spent the rest of the summer in keeping Lindau smoothed up.

It is doubtful if Lindau altogether liked this as well. Perhaps he missed the occasions Fulkerson used to give him of bursting out against the millionaires; and he could not well go on denouncing as the slafe of gabidal a man who had behaved to him as Fulkerson had done, though Fulkerson's servile relations to capital had been in no wise changed by his nople gonduct.

Their relations continued to wear this irksome character of mutual forbearance; and when Dryfoos returned in October and Fulkerson revived the question of that dinner in celebration of the success of *Every Other Week*, he carried his complaisance to an extreme that alarmed March for the consequences.

V.

"You see," Fulkerson explained, "I find that the old man has got an idea of his own about that banquet, and I guess there's some sense in it. He wants to have a preliminary little dinner, where we can talk the thing up first—half a dozen of us; and he wants to give us the dinner at his house. Well, that's no harm. I don't believe the old man ever gave a dinner, and he'd like to show off a little; there's a good deal of human nature in the old man, after all. He thought of you, of course, and Colonel Woodburn, and Beaton, and me at the foot of the table; and Conrad; and I suggested Kendricks—he's such a nice little chap; and the old man himself brought up the idea of Lindau. He said you told him something about him, and he asked why couldn't we have him, too; and I jumped at it."

"Have Lindau to dinner?" asked March.

"Certainly; why not? Father Dryfoos has a notion of paying the old fellow a compliment for what he done for the country. There won't be any trouble about it. You can sit alongside of him, and cut up his meat for him, and help him to things—"

"Yes, but it won't *do*, Fulkerson! I don't believe Lindau ever had on a dress-coat in his life, and I don't believe his 'brincibles' would let him wear one."

"Well, neither had Dryfoos, for the matter of that. He's as high-principled as old Pan-Electric himself, when it comes to a dress-coat," said Fulkerson. "We're all going to go in business dress; the old man stipulated for that."

"It isn't the dress-coat alone," March resumed. "Lindau and Dryfoos wouldn't get on. You know they're opposite poles in everything. You mustn't do it. Dryfoos will be sure to say something to outrage Lindau's 'brincibles,' and there'll be an explosion. It's all well enough for Dryfoos to feel grateful to Lindau, and his wish to honor him does him credit; but to have Lindau to dinner isn't the way. At the best, the old fellow would be very unhappy in such a house; he would have a bad conscience; and I should be sorry to have him feel that he'd been recreant to his 'brincibles'; they're about all he's got, and whatever we think of them, we're bound to respect his fidelity to them." March warmed toward Lindau in taking this view of him. "I should feel ashamed if I didn't protest against his being put in a false position. After all, he's my old friend, and I shouldn't like to have him do himself injustice if he *is* a crank."

"Of course," said Fulkerson, with some trouble in his face. "I appreciate your feeling. But there ain't any danger," he added, buoyantly. "Anyhow, you spoke too late, as the Irishman said to the chicken when he swallowed him in a fresh egg. I've asked Lindau, and he's accepted with blayzure; that's what he says."

March made no other comment than a shrug.

"You'll see," Fulkerson continued, "it'll go off all right. I'll engage to make it, and I won't hold anybody else responsible."

In the course of his married life March had learned not to censure the irretrievable; but this was just what his wife had not learned; and she poured out so much astonishment at what Fulkerson had done, and so much disapproval, that March began to palliate the situation a little.

"After all, it isn't a question of life and death; and, if it were, I don't see how it's to be helped now."

"Oh, it's not to be helped *now*. But I *am* surprised at Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, Fulkerson has his moments of being merely human, too."

Mrs. March would not deign a direct defence of her favorite. "Well, I'm glad there are not to be ladies."

"I don't know. Dryfoos thought of having ladies, but it seems your infallible Fulkerson overruled him. Their presence might have kept Lindau and our host in bounds."

It had become part of the Marches' conjugal joke for him to pretend that she could allow nothing wrong in Fulkerson, and he now laughed with a mocking air of having expected it when she said: "Well, then, if Mr. Fulkerson says he will see that it all comes out right, I suppose you must trust his tact. I wouldn't trust yours, Basil. The first wrong step was taken when Mr. Lindau was asked to help on the magazine."

"Well, it was your infallible Fulkerson that took the step, or at least suggested it. I'm happy to say *I* had totally forgotten my early friend."

Mrs. March was daunted and silenced for a moment. Then she said: "Oh, pshaw! You know well enough he did it to please you."

"I'm very glad he didn't do it to please *you*, Isabel," said her husband, with affected seriousness. "Though perhaps he did."

He began to look at the humorous aspect of the affair, which it certainly had, and to comment on the singular incongruities which *Every Other Week* was destined to involve at every moment of its career. "I wonder if I'm mistaken in supposing that no other periodical was ever like it. Perhaps all periodicals are like it. But I don't believe there's another publication in New York that could bring together, in honor of itself, a fraternity and equality crank like poor old Lindau, and a belated sociological crank like Woodburn, and a truculent speculator like old Dryfoos, and a humanitarian dreamer like young Dryfoos, and a sentimentalist like me, and a nondescript like Beaton, and a pure advertising essence like Fulkerson, and a society spirit like Kendricks. If we could only allow one another to talk uninterruptedly all the time, the dinner would be the greatest success in the world, and we should come home full of the highest mutual respect. But I suspect we can't manage that—even your infallible Fulkerson couldn't work it—and I'm afraid that there'll be some listening that 'll spoil the pleasure of the time."

March was so well pleased with this view of the case that he suggested the idea involved to Fulkerson. Fulkerson was too good a fellow not to laugh at another man's joke, but he laughed a little ruefully, and he seemed worn with more than one kind of care in the interval that passed between the present time and the night of the dinner.

Dryfoos necessarily depended upon him for advice concerning the scope and nature of the dinner, but he received the advice suspiciously, and contested points of obvious propriety with pertinacious stupidity. Fulkerson said that when it came to the point he would rather have had the thing, as he called it, at Delmonico's or some other restaurant; but when he found that Dryfoos's pride was bound up in having it at his own house, he gave way to him. Dryfoos also wanted his woman-cook to prepare the dinner, but Fulkerson persuaded him that this would not do; he must have it from a caterer. Then Dryfoos wanted his maids to wait at table, but Fulkerson convinced him that this would be incongruous at a man's dinner. It was decided that the dinner should be sent in from Frescobaldi's, and Dryfoos went with Fulkerson to discuss it with the caterer. He insisted upon having everything explained to him, and the reason for having it, and not something else in its place; and he treated Fulkerson and Frescobaldi as if they were in league to impose upon him. There were moments when Fulkerson saw the varnish of professional politeness cracking on the Neapolitan's volcanic surface, and caught a glimpse of the lava fires of the cook's nature beneath; he trembled for Dryfoos, who was walking roughshod over him in the security of an American who had known how to make his money, and must know how to spend it; but he got him safely away at last, and gave Frescobaldi a wink of sympathy for his shrug of exhaustion as they turned to leave him.

It was at first a relief and then an anxiety with Fulkerson that Lindau did not come about after accepting the invitation to dinner, until he appeared at Dryfoos's house, prompt to the hour. There was, to be sure, nothing to bring him; but Fulkerson was uneasily aware that Dryfoos expected to meet him at the office, and perhaps receive some verbal acknowledgment of the honor done him. Dryfoos, he could see, thought he was doing all his invited guests a favor; and while he stood in a certain awe of them as people of much greater social experience than himself, regarded them with a kind of contempt, as people who were going to have a better dinner at his house than they could ever afford to have at their own. He had finally not spared expense upon it; after pushing Frescobaldi to the point of eruption with his misgivings and suspicions at the first interview, he had gone to him a second time alone, and told him not to let the money stand between him and anything he would like to do. In the absence of Frescobaldi's fellow-conspirator he restored himself in the caterer's esteem by adding whatever he suggested; and Fulkerson, after trembling for the old man's niggardliness, was now afraid of a fantastic profusion in the feast. Dryfoos had reduced the scale of the banquet as regarded the number of guests, but a confusing remembrance of what Fulkerson had wished to do remained with him in part, and up to the day of the dinner he dropped in at Frescobaldi's and ordered more dishes and more of them. He impressed the Italian as an American original of a novel kind; and when he asked Fulkerson how Dryfoos had made his money, and learned that it was mainly in natural gas, he made note of some of his eccentric tastes as peculiarities that were to be caressed in any future natural gas millionaire who might fall into his hands. He did not begrudge the time he had to give in explaining to Dryfoos the relation of the different wines to the different dishes; Dryfoos was apt to substitute a costlier wine where he could for a cheaper one, and he gave Frescobaldi *carte blanche* for the decoration of the table with pieces of artistic confectionery. Among these the caterer designed one for a surprise to his patron and a delicate recognition of the source of his wealth, which he found Dryfoos very willing to talk about, when he intimated that he knew what it was.

Dryfoos left it to Fulkerson to invite the guests, and he found ready acceptance of his politeness from Kendricks, who rightly regarded the dinner as a part of the *Every Other Week* business, and was too sweet and kind-hearted, anyway, not to seem very glad to come. March was a matter of course; but in Colonel Woodburn Fulkerson encountered a reluctance which embarrassed him the more because he was conscious of having, for motives of his own, rather strained a point in suggesting the Colonel to Dryfoos as a fit subject for invitation. There had been only one of the Colonel's articles printed, as yet, and though it had made a sensation in its way, and started the talk about that number, still it did not fairly constitute him a member of the staff, or even entitle him to recognition as a regular contributor. Fulkerson felt so sure of pleasing him with Dryfoos's message that he delivered it in full family council at the widow's. His daughter received it with all the enthusiasm that Fulkerson had hoped for, but the Colonel said, stiffly, "I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Dryfoos." Miss Woodburn appeared ready to fall upon him at this, but controlled herself, as if aware that filial authority had its limits, and pressed her lips together without saying anything.

"Yes, I know," Fulkerson admitted. "But it isn't a usual case. Mr. Dryfoos don't go in much for the conventionalities; I reckon he don't know much about 'em, come to boil it down; and he hoped"—here Fulkerson felt the necessity of inventing a little—"that you would excuse any want of ceremony; it's to be such an informal affair, anyway; we're all going in business dress, and there ain't going to be any ladies. He'd have come himself to ask you, but he's a kind of a bashful old fellow. It's all right, Colonel Woodburn."

"I take it that it is, sir," said the Colonel, courteously, but with unabated state, "coming from you. But in these matters we have no right to burden our friends with our decisions."

"Of course, of course," said Fulkerson, feeling that he had been delicately told to mind his own business.

"I understand," the Colonel went on, "the relation that Mr. Dryfoos bears to the periodical in which you have done me the hono' to print my papah, but this is a question of passing the bounds of a purely business connection, and of eating the salt of a man whom you do not definitely know to be a gentleman."

"Mah goodness!" his daughter broke in. "If you bah your own salt with his money—"

"It is supposed that I earn his money before I buy my salt with it," returned her father, severely. "And in these times, when money is got in heaps, through the natural decay of our nefarious commercialism, it behooves a gentleman to be scrupulous that the hospitality offered him is not the profusion of a thief with his booty. I don't say that Mr. Dryfoos's good-fortune is not honest. I simply say that I know nothing about it, and that I should prefer to know something before I sat down at his board."

"You're all right, Colonel," said Fulkerson, "and so is Mr. Dryfoos. I give you my word that there are no flies on his personal integrity, if that's what you mean. He's hard, and he'd push an advantage, but I don't believe he would take an unfair one. He's speculated and made money every time, but I never heard of his wrecking a railroad, or belonging to any swindling company or any grinding monopoly. He does chance it in stocks, but he's always played on the square, if you call stocks gambling."

"May I think this over till morning?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Fulkerson, eagerly. "I don't know as there's any hurry."

Miss Woodburn found a chance to murmur to him before he went: "He'll come. And Ah'm *so* much oblahged, Mr. Fulkerson. Ah jost know it's all you' doing, and it will give papa a chance to toak to some new people, and get away from us evahlastin' women for once."

"I don't see why any one should want to do that," said Fulkerson, with grateful gallantry. "But I'll be dogged," he said to March when he told him about this odd experience, "if I ever expected to find Colonel Woodburn on old Lindau's ground. He did come round handsomely this morning at breakfast, and apologized for taking time to think the invitation over before he accepted. 'You understand,' he says, 'that if it had been to the table of some friend not so prosperous as Mr. Dryfoos—your friend Mr. March, for instance—it would have been sufficient to know that he was your friend. But in these days it is a duty that a gentleman owes himself to consider whether he wishes to know a rich man or not. The chances of making money disreputably are so great that the chances are against a man who has made money if he's made a great deal of it.'"

March listened with a face of ironical insinuation. "That was very good; and he seems to have had a good deal of confidence in your patience and in your sense of his importance to the occasion—"

"No, no," Fulkerson protested, "there's none of that kind of thing about the Colonel. I *told* him to take time to think it over; he's the simplest-hearted old fellow in the world."

"I should say so. After all, he didn't give any reason he had for accepting. But perhaps the young lady had the reason."

"Pshaw, March!" said Fulkerson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS.

ELIAS LOOMIS, Munson Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale University, died in the hospital at New Haven on the 15th inst., of Bright's disease. He was born at Wilmington, Connecticut, August 7, 1811, and received his early education entirely from his father, who prepared him for Yale College. He was graduated in 1830, and from 1833 to 1836 was tutor in science at the same institution. It was during that period that he began his career of original research, mainly in observing the altitude of shooting-stars and the declination of the magnetic needle. He was the first in this country to discover the return of Halley's comet in 1835, and computed its orbit from his own observations. He left Yale in 1836 for a year's study under the great scholars of Paris, including Arago, Biot, Dulong, and others. On his return he became Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Western Reserve College, Ohio, where he remained seven years. During this period he made a vast number of scientific observations in astronomy and meteorology and the dip of the magnetic needle. In 1844 he accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, which he retained for sixteen years. It was during this time that he prepared his well-known series of text-books in mathematics and astronomy, which were published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Several of them were adopted in European institutions and translated into different languages. They include *Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, *Progress of Astronomy*, *Analytical Geometry and Calculus*, *Elements of Algebra*, *Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections*, *Tables of Logarithms*, *Practical Astronomy*, *Natural Philosophy*. To these were added subsequently, after his transfer to Yale, *Elements of Arithmetic*, *Treatise on Meteorology*, *Elements of Astronomy*, *A Treatise on Arithmetic*, *A Treatise on Algebra*, *Algebraic Problems and Examples*, and *A Treatise on Astronomy*. He began his professorship at Yale in 1860, and continued his original researches and his preparation of scientific books and papers. His contributions to various periodicals and his separate papers on topics within his range of study exceed one hundred in number. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of New York, and was a member of numerous scientific societies both at home and abroad. He also found time to prepare a genealogical work on *The Descendants of Joseph Loomis*, published in 1870. For some years Professor Loomis has been able to devote only part of his time to the work of instruction, and Professor Brewer has been associated with him. He has led a rather secluded life since the death of his wife, some years ago, and the departure of his sons from New Haven, occupying rooms at a hotel, and keeping aloof from society. His exclusive devotion to study and science, and his solitary habits, led to some peculiarities of manner, but he always commanded the highest respect for his learning and his ability as an instructor.

HER NAME.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

How shall I tell you? She has so many.
  As for her sponsors, how could they know
In naming that baby, their worships maybe,
  Entitled of women a score or so?
When I see her where flowers are blooming,
  Another blossom so fresh and sweet,
I can compare her to nothing fairer;
  I call her my "Daisy," my "Marguerite."

When I see her with hands so busy,
  A rustic maiden in homespun dressed,
A household fairy, with step so airy,
  Homely "Maggie" describes her best.
When she greets me with mirth and laughter,
  "Meg," I think, is the sweetest name.
Of roguish Woffington she reminds me;
  Then she is "Peg," my merry dame.

Ah! there are hours of gloom and sadness,
  When earth is sown with cold gray rain,
When hearts are weary and life so dreary,
  One scarce dare hope for the sun again.
Then she comes with her mien so gentle,
  Calm, serene 'mid a mad world's whirl.
Of jewels the rarest, the purest, fairest,
  I know why they named her "Margaret," "Pearl."

Changeful lady! what sprite hath lent you
  This magic power that we see you wield?
Now tears, now smiling, now fond beguiling,
  None can oppose you, for all must yield.
But stop! One name that I mean to give you
  Will fetter and bind you all your life.
You need not guess it; I will confess it:
  My love, my lady, I'll call you "Wife."

THE BASE-BALL SITUATION.

THE national game, yclept base-ball, has been more popular this year than ever before. In all the associations throughout the country the contest for the leadership in each aggregation of base-ball clubs has been more bitter than in any previous season. Games have been won and lost by narrow margins, and thousands of spectators have watched the playing with unflagging interest until the last man has been put out.

The amateur association is having a great battle for the championship, and the last game of the season will probably be played before a decision is reached. The two Staten Island clubs are having a contest for supremacy which is close and exciting, and as yet the winner is doubtful. That amateurs can play base-ball well was clearly shown when the two clubs met in a well-played game a short time ago. The day was clear and cool, and each man of the opposing nines was fit to do battle for his life. The grand stand was well crowded with people, and the cool bright dresses of the pretty girls, mingled with the light costumes of the cricket and tennis players, who had stopped their own play to watch the game, and here and there a bright blazer, and again dresses of a more sombre hue, all added to the beauty of the scene. Friends greeted friends as rivals on the ball field, and the merits of the players were discussed by both young men and maidens in a knowing way. For three hours the two nines struggled for supremacy, and when dark came neither side had been able to secure a run. The players fought well, and although neither team gained a victory, all had the satisfaction of knowing that they had taken part in one of the best games of base-ball on record, amateur or professional.

In the National League of base-ball players the contesting cities are the same as last year, and the race for the championship pennant is even more exciting than it was then. Boston and New York are trying to stay at the head of the list, but as both cannot, the rivalry is great. The positions of the two clubs change often, now one has the lead, and again the other takes the place of honor. When the two clubs are pitted against each other, either in New York or Boston, the grounds upon which they play are tested to their fullest capacity. The spectators are counted by thousands, and all is excitement until the game is ended. What will be the outcome of the race is an open question, but the partisans of each nine claim a victory for their respective teams.

Cleveland started out early in the season, and won games with surprising regularity for a newcomer in the League. The strongest clubs were forced to succumb to the playing of the "Infants," as they are called. The pace they began with was too hot, and of late they have been losing games almost as regularly as they won them in the spring. Philadelphia worked along slowly and surely, playing a steady game, which gave them more victories than defeats, and with their eyes turned toward the top of the list in an effort to win the race. Chicago has been pursuing a most erratic course. The whilom League champions have been away down in the list of clubs, and until a few weeks ago were unable to play a steady game. Now and again there would be some brilliant work on the part of the club, but it did not last. Of late, however, the nine has taken a new start, and is rapidly overhauling the leaders. The Pittsburgh, Washington, and Indianapolis nines are hopelessly out of the race.

Next in importance to the National League comes the American Association of professionals. Here too is there a bitter contest for first place. The Brooklyn and St. Louis nines are in the lead, and the latter has a little the better of it. In the beginning of the season St. Louis forged ahead rapidly, and still keeps there, but by a very small margin. Brooklyn was away down toward the bottom of the list in the early part of the race, and was playing an erratic game, brilliant at times, but too often careless. Lately, however, the club has been doing good work, and its hopes for winning the championship of the Association are well founded. There is little prospect of a definite result before the season is over.

Some distance behind the two leaders come the three clubs next in rank. They are the Baltimore, Athletic, and Cincinnati nines. For the past two months they have been changing places with each other nearly every day, although lately they seem to have settled down in the order named. They are evenly matched, and games between them are close, sharp, and exciting. There is little prospect of their being able to displace either Brooklyn or St. Louis, as they have not the playing ability. In the next rank are Kansas City and Cincinnati, with small hope for a better position. Louisville is hopelessly last. The last-named club has had a hard time of it, and has many times been near disbandment.

Besides these two leading organizations there are many others, which have been more or less successful. The Atlantic Association is one of these. Eight clubs composed it in the early spring, but by reason of non-support in the cities where some of the clubs were located, the number has been reduced to five. They are playing a good game of base-ball, and have been repaid by fair audiences at their grounds. Newark, Worcester, and Hartford are in the lead, and are struggling hard for the supremacy, and the result is exceedingly doubtful.

The International League contains eight clubs, five from the United States and three from Canada. The American clubs are in the first four places, while the Canadian clubs bring up the rear. Among the leaders, Detroit is in the van, with Syracuse a fair second, and well ahead of the other clubs.

Eight clubs belong to the Western Association, and they too are meeting with good support in the struggle for the local championship. The Omaha and St. Paul clubs are well in advance of the others, and seem likely to stay there. They are close together, and which will lead at the end of the season is a matter for conjecture.

There are also a great many minor organizations throughout the country, and the number of games which are played daily would be hard to estimate—certainly more than a hundred.

When the season is over in the National League and the American Association, then will come the struggle of the giants. The winner in each organization will then play for the championship of the world. It is then that the base-ball enthusiasts will make themselves heard. That the grounds where the playing will take place will be packed to suffocation is undoubted. Each club will play as it best knows how, for each organization claims the supremacy, and will try to make its claim good. In previous years the League has had the better of it, but this season it is a little in doubt. The general feeling is that New York and Brooklyn will win in their respective bodies, and that the contest for the greater honor will be in New York. Umpires will be selected with care, the grounds will be put in the best of condition, and nothing will be left undone to have the base-ball season of 1889 go out in a blaze of glory.

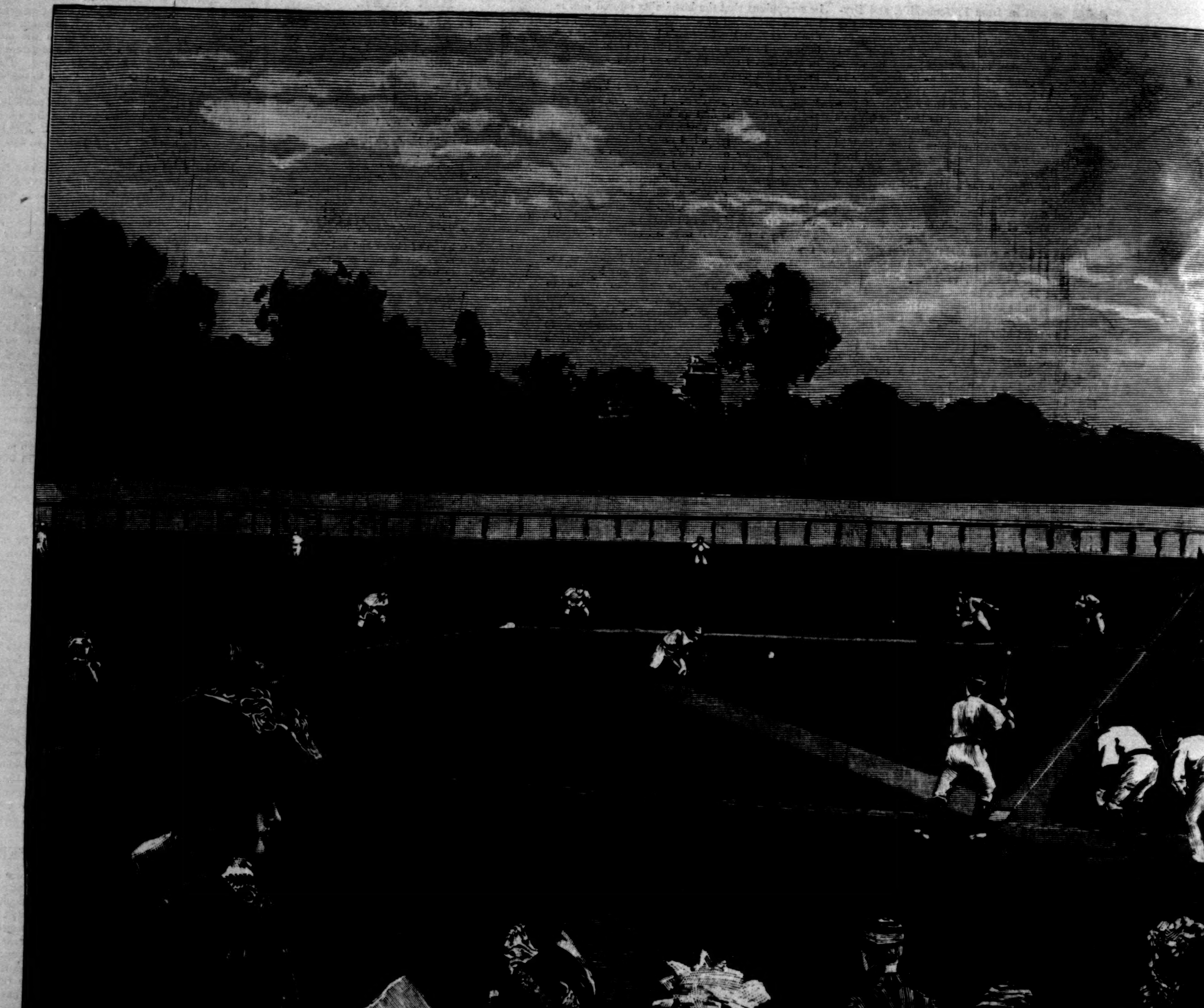
CHARLES P. SAWYER.

SCENERY ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

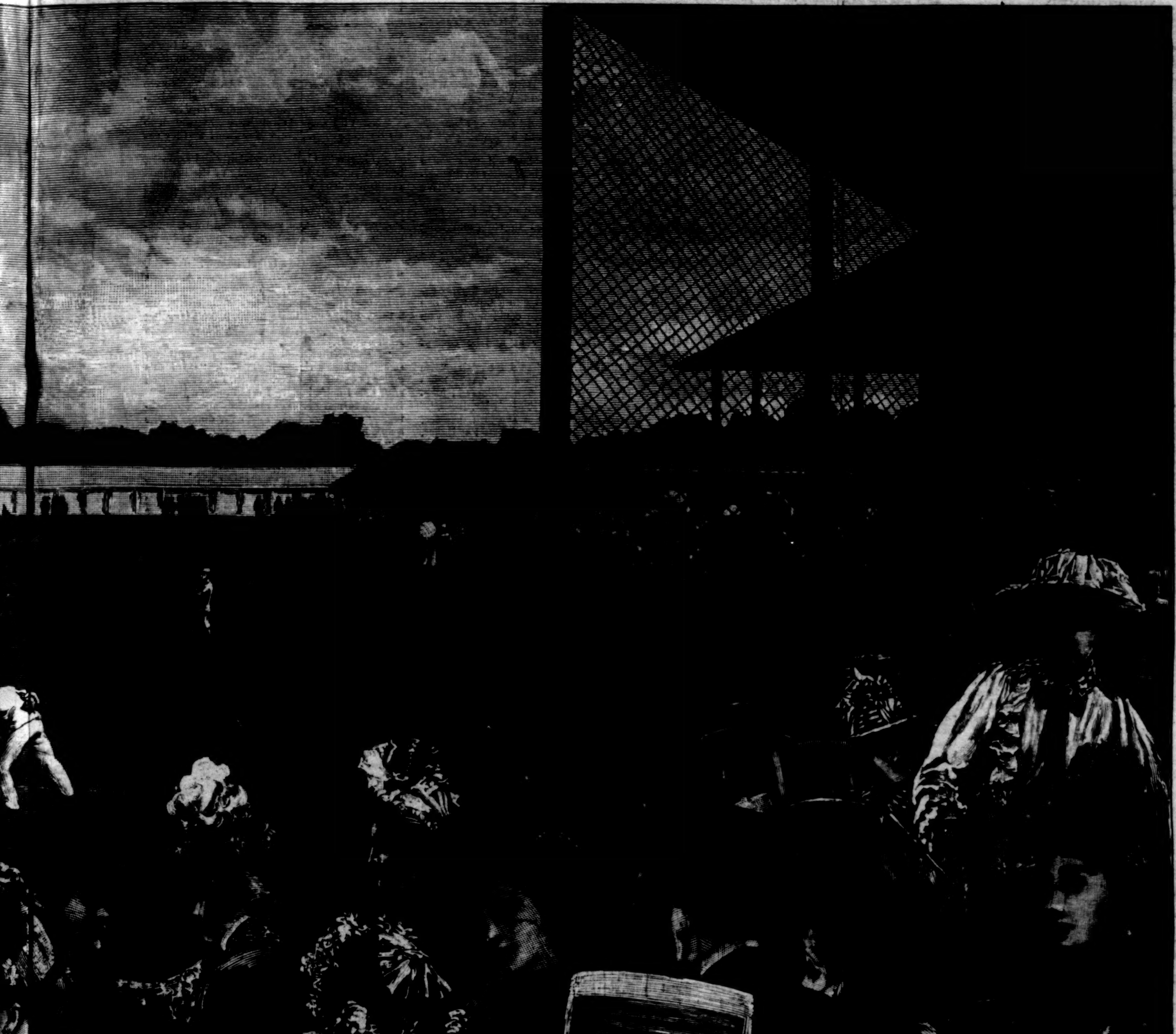
THE remarkable formation by nature and accident illustrated on page 700 is situated on the extreme northern portion of Hemlock Island, one of the group of the Apostles Islands, in Lake Superior, or the lake of Gitchie Gunmee. The bottom of the cave is covered with broken rock; the water is from ten to twenty feet deep; a monster ledge of unknown depth reaches from two to four feet above the water, and in the entire length of its interior circumference has neither rent nor seam. The jaggedness, the roughnesses, the evidences of nature's wild passion, are all above this principal ledge. It is forty feet from the surface of the water to where the roots of the great trees pierce their mossy bed and penetrate the nooks and interstices in the rocks. The softer parts of the sandstone have been washed away, and a system of tunnelling indulged in by nature's mad freaks that would put to the blush many of the works of man's so-called genius. Burrowings as if made especially for some member of the Bruin family, or a sarcophagus for a friendly seal of prehistoric age, are made as cleverly as by a diamond drill and dynamite; but beyond, the overlying masses have fallen in, and a cave of one hundred and fifty feet in length and sixty feet in width has been hollowed out, leaving the extreme parts of the caverns and tunnelling in view, and reaching still further into the rock.

There are five entrances from the lake. The two larger are twelve and fifteen feet respectively in height above the surface of the water, while the others are too low to afford a passage for even the row-boat, but aid materially in the transmission of the rays of light from the sunrise side. Where the waters have not washed and the elements caused disintegration and consequent breakages, delicate mosses in their many shades of coloring have grown, and given the rugged sides a beauty as rare and grotesque as the crazily mingled colors on the artist's palette. The hole in the roof is oval, and about sixty by eighty feet in its diameters. About one-third the way down on the north side, and on a projecting ledge, a great nest, the size of a half-hogshead, built of sticks and twigs, shows the habitation of one of the long-time fishers of the waters, either an eagle or a fish-hawk.

Across the wild chasm lies the prostrate trunk of a giant pine. A storm sweeping the outer cliff had uprooted it and thrown it down, before the cave-in of the roof, with such violence that every branch on the lower side had been broken off next the trunk as closely as if trimmed with an axe. The action of the frost has spread the seams in the rocks, the grinding of the disintegrating and broken fragments has worn away the masses of fallen strata, and through the action of cold and heat and frost and snow, of dripping waters and growing moss in all their varied hues, the rude chasm is given a singular beauty.



A COLLEGIATE GAME OF BASE-BALL



ALL.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 703.]

DISCROWNED.

While yet the lagging Summer lifts the glow
Of her glad vintage, pledging all who drink
A reign that's endless, at the beaker's brink
The bugles of the Autumn blow and blow.
So doth the leaguered Summer, startled, turn
To see the traitor maples all aflame,
And, as though hiding a repentant shame,
The cheeks of her disloyal ivies burn.
Then all adown the highways, far and near,
The golden-rod and asters swift unfold
Besieging banners, mingled blue and gold,
Till, straightway smitten with a sudden fear,
E'en as she strives to arm her 'gainst the foe,
Again the windy bugles blow and blow.

Lucy E. Tilley.

THE UNION PICNIC.

At four o'clock in the morning any but the German-descended settlement below the Pennsylvania city would have been asleep, but when Sam Schraader, his daughter, and Henry Verhawk drove up the road, the business of the day had begun all along. They met two neighbors with their market wagons on their way to the city, and one with a load of bone phosphate already returning from the near factory. Women were opening their front doors or drawing water in quiet commencement of their long day's work.

It was August. A little later and an excessive heat would dawn. Even now, before the sun had risen, it was damp rather than cool along the dew-wet road. Schraader had his hat off, and wiped the perspiration from his broad face. Schraader's was a peddler's wagon, with an umbrella over the seat, which was not meant to accommodate three. Schraader's large bulk was deposited in the laps of his daughter and Henry Verhawk, with discomfort to all. But Henry was one of the family. He had been a neighbor all his life, and he was to marry Mary Schraader whenever their tranquil, unhurrying minds should agree upon it; he was past thirty and she twenty-six; and it had been for several weeks arranged that they should on the day of the Union Sunday-school picnic at Hunt's Grove, twelve miles away, give Henry a lift, for Henry was going.

Schraader had to-day a new stock of the tinware and small merchandise he sold, and he and Mary, who helped her father on his busier trips, had made an early start. But Henry had been ready and waiting. He was as pleased to go to the picnic as he would have been twenty years back. He sat with a primness that characterized him, a slim form in a suit of white linen and a broad-brimmed white hat with a green lining. His face, clean-shaven and guileless, shone with his happiness in his coming treat. He would attain it by walking seven miles, and twelve miles back that night; but in his bright anticipation the cost was small. The simplicity of his soul looked out from his honest blue eyes.

Nobody spoke as they drove on. They had lived their lives together till their information was all but identical, and their ideas. This, added to their rustic slowness of tongue, made it likely that when Henry came to see Mary Sunday evenings they would maintain unbroken silence from beginning to end of the interview, nor feel anything but serene content; and they jogged on now unembarrassed, in the calmness of that thorough mutual knowledge which is the surest promise of married happiness, the tin-ware keeping up a drowsy rattling. When they reached the turn which separated them, Henry got down.

"It's going to be hotter'n 'twas yisterday; you better take it slow," Schraader said; and Mary turned her serious face, broad like her father's, and plain, and looked after him as he tramped on alone.

He took off his hat in the shade of the woods on both sides, thick and dark and vibrant with wild sounds, and walked briskly. He was almost aglow with his boyish eagerness. He had so early a start that he thought he should get there in time to miss none of it.

The rustling grove was thickly bordered with the vehicles which had brought the picnickers hither. Of the latter there were in the neighborhood of a thousand. Nominally it was the yearly union picnic of the Sunday-schools of half a dozen neighboring villages, but the Sunday-schools brought with them the settlements almost entire.

Henry sat on a fallen tree in the thick of the scene. He had been almost the first arrival. Now it was eleven, and the picnic was well under way. Thus far he had enjoyed every moment. He had travelled round the grove watching the constant arrivals; now and then he had unharnessed and hitched the horses of women who had come without men, and had taken one to the watering-trough. He had looked on at the erection of the various venders' stands, and had watched the assembling of the ministers of the several congregations on the platform, before which ran a few square rods of board benches. Now there had been full activity for an hour. A merry-go-round was in operation, the refreshment stands were gaining patronage, and up and down, in and out, round and round, wandered the thousand picnickers. To Henry it was a marvellous scene. He sat with his hands on his knees and his lips apart, unconscious of all but his simple, half-bewildered entertainment.

Two girls had been for some time strolling back and forth before him with arms intertwined. Henry had seen them arrive, with a dozen other girls and youths, in the bottom of an evergreen-trimmed lumber wagon. A couple of the latter ranged after them at a distance, exchanging occasional insinuating sallies, but for the present held at bay with pert, conscious independence, the forerunner of the full and giggling surrender intended.

They had looked at Henry as they passed and repassed him, breaking, with the titterings which marked their youth, into whispered ridicule.

"What's he gawping at?"

"Goodness knows."

"Looks as though he was stuck there, don't he?"

"I guess he is. *Dave* said he'd been setting there since four o'clock this morning."

They tittered in unison. Dave was one of the pursuing youths.

"I'd like to know if he *can* stir. I guess I'll see," said the other. She nudged her companion, tossed her head daringly, and as they came opposite him dropped her handkerchief.

He looked at her, pleasantly smiling. He had thought they might be speaking of him, and wondered what they were saying. Now they were standing loiteringly, their eyes upon him, and as his own travelled from them to the handkerchief and back again, he got up and picked it up. But neither took it.

"It's Lil's," said its owner.

"You know better; you dropped it yourself," Lil retorted, with a stifled shriek.

"*Did* I?" she demanded. She threw up her chin, with bright eyes upon him.

"I didn't see," he answered, still smiling.

He stood straight, with his feet close together, as was his wont, and looked at her. She was a tall girl of fifteen, red-cheeked and plump. She wore a white dress, with trimmings of embroidery, and a blue sash and hair-ribbon, from which her hair fell in those round curls which tell of rags overnight. A black rubber chain and bracelets did duty for jewelry.

"Oh, well, I'll *take* it," she said, and stood swaying herself and twisting it around her finger. From the two boys passing them came loud coughs and a whistle.

"Well, I should think you better be introduced," said Lil, snickering. "Let me introduce you to Miss Scott."

Miss Scott bobbed her head. "I don't know who *he* is, though," she said. At last she was impressed and sobered by his unsuspicious sincerity, and she took a backward step.

He stepped after her involuntarily. His smile had spread till his artless face was alight with it. He had been there alone so long that now, though he had known no lack before, he was made happy by this acquaintance. The girl's blooming young face, too, stirred and dazzled him. He could not bear that she should go.

"Verhawk," he said; "my name is Verhawk."

He saw that several couples—stiff, awkward, gawky—were walking about arm in arm. The idea that came to him startled him and sent the blood into his face. He took off his hat and put its stiff brim to his lips in a tremor. He did not know what to say, and so he said nothing, but he held out a timid arm to Miss Scott, his heart pounding. She stared at him, stared at her friend, stopped herself in a giggle, and with a darted look which included the two young hobbledehoys looking on, walked away with him. There was nothing but incredulous admiration in the face of her companion, gazing after her. "She'll do just about anything she wants to, Georgie Scott will," she said to their followers, who joined her, evincing their appreciation by uncouth capers and horse-laughs. "I bet she'll have some fun."

Henry's heart, as they stepped away, beat so hard that he could hear it, and could see his coat lapels tremble. He was happy, but he was dazed; so much so that he started off unseeingly with irregular steps.

For a space there was silence. "Where are we going to, anyhow? *I* don't know," the girl said, finding relief in a laugh.

They were nearing the seats before the platform, which, the exercises having begun, were filled.

"Do you want to set down here?" said Henry; and they sat down.

The girl looked at him, twisting her rubber chain. At bottom she was as innocent as he, only far bolder; her venture was the result of a hoidenish impulse and a wish to be smart and audacious in the eyes of her companions. She had had small notion of how to proceed; but she saw now, in her rudimental way, which required that effects should be palpable, that she had but one course. His trustful simplicity and his utter modesty abashed her, and she was impelled to behave to him as well as was in her raw powers.

"That's the Disciple minister from Trumbull," she said: one of the row of ministers was speaking at the front of the platform. "I do think he's the funniest-looking thing I ever saw. He ain't married."

A banner or two hung over the platform, which held a melodeon. One after another the ministers—farmer-like looking men, in wrinkled clothes or with chin whiskers—made short addresses, after each of which the superintendent of the corresponding Sunday-school read the year's report, followed in turn by the singing of a selected hymn by the school in question. The audience constantly shifted, coming and going; the talk and laughter of uninterested strollers sounded; and during the performances of the band, which played at intervals to attract patrons to the carrousel, no sound from the platform was audible.

"His Sunday-school ain't very big, neither," the girl went on; "I've been over to it. I live in the next town to Trumbull—Hinckley. The Hinckley Baptist Sunday-school's ours. We're going to sing 'The Morning is Breaking.' If we can't do better'n some of 'em have, I'll be sorry."

She laughed, and Henry laughed too. He was in a state of thrilled pleasure such as he had never known. Miss Scott's white ruffles touched his knee; he could see the somewhat coarse bloom of her face without looking, and smell the perfumery on her handkerchief.

"You hain't said where *you* come from?" she went on, pulling up her black lace mits.

"I live down to Schluzman," Henry answered.

"Down to that Dutch place?"

He nodded.

"Are *you* Dutch?" she queried, and when he nodded again, looked at him curiously. "I don't know as I ever *saw* any Dutch before. Why, ain't that a good ways from here?"

"Twelve miles," he said.

"Mercy! Did you walk all the way?"

"No. I'm going to walk back, though," he added, honestly.

"Goodness! Well, mebbe we'll give you a lift as fur as Hinckley. There goes that Sunday-school. Pshaw! there ain't more'n thirty. We got twice as many."

The Disciple Sunday-school filed on to the platform, waited for the band to stop, and sung around the melodeon.

"Pshaw!" Miss Scott iterated. "I guess we can do better. That tune's old as the hills."

He laughed with her again, this time with fascinated eyes upon her. Never in his narrow experience had he known so glib a talker, or one who laughed so much. He could not keep up with her—she seemed to him far too lively for that—but he could wonder at and be content with her.

"There's Miss Akers," said the girl. "See her, the one with the brown straw hat? She's our next neighbor to home. There's lots of Hinckley folks all around here. There's Mr. Bush."

She looked around with a sheepish defiance. Most of them had seen her, and stared at Henry, in whose possession she felt half pride and half shame.

"Well, let's go," she said, uneasily. "This ain't much fun; you think so? *I'd* just as lief do something else." She looked toward the gayer portion of the grove hankeringly, and they walked away together, again arm in arm, for no other possibility occurred to Henry now; the affirmation of the Disciple school still sounding:

"We'll sing as we walk on the golden strand,
By-and-by, by-and-by."

The great heat of the day struck through the grove's branching roof. Men mopped their heads and took off their coats, and elderly women, flushed or pale of face, sat down everywhere and fanned themselves with their bonnets, only half realizing their suffering, since they were bent on pleasure.

Henry and Miss Scott went toward the region of the refreshment stands.

"Well, I'm hungry a'ready!" she said, eying them. "I'm 'most always hungry; ma says I eat *all* the time. Some o' that ice-cream wouldn't taste bad, would it? I'm 'most roasted; ain't you?"

Henry took out his pocket-book carefully. He had brought a dollar and a half precautiously, but he had not expected to spend anything, unless he bought something to take to Mary. Now he was proudly glad that he brought it.

"There ain't but one kind," said Miss Scott, taking off her mits to eat it—"vanilla. I've et strawberry and chocolate, but vanilla's all they got here. I've been past, and seen 'em dishing it out."

They ate it, standing at the high board shelf on which it was served. It was made of skim-milk and eggs and strong sugar, but they ate all their dishes held.

"My! see them folks drinking lemonade right on top of it," said Miss Scott, wiping her mouth; and Henry, looking at her a minute in slow consideration, bought two glasses of lemonade. She spilled some on her dress, and made much of it, shrieking and laughing and shaking it.

"You joggled my elbow," she declared, with a saucy ease that benumbed and entranced him.

Near at hand there were candy and pea-nuts, oranges, and pop-corn balls in colored papers, and when they turned back they each carried a full paper bag, and Henry had spent eighty cents.

"I don't know how we're going to eat it all up," said the girl, with a satisfied giggle; "I guess we'll have to *give* it away."

They sat down under a tree, aimlessly, holding their bags. "There's Mr. Fuller," she prated on. "He come over all alone in his sulky, and he might just as well brought a load. He's mean anyhow—mean and stingy. Gracious! look a' that!" Two girls precisely alike in every feature of their fat faces and figures, their white dresses and blue-ribbon-trimmed hats, walked solemnly past. "Oh yes, I know who they be. They're the Frink girls from over to Royalton. They're twins. I've heard of 'em. My goodness! you couldn't tell 'em apart to save your neck. Gracious! I'm glad *I* ain't one of 'em. I'd do *something;* I'd cut my hair off, or something, and I'd dress up just as different as I could; wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Henry, his blue mild eyes fastened immovably upon her.

The band stationed at the merry-go-round was playing loudly and clashingly.

"'Marching through Georgia'—pshaw!" said Miss Scott. "They'd better get something we hain't heard. There's lots riding in it, ain't there?"

"Do you want to ride in it?" said Henry; and Miss Scott nodded, with a simple "m-m." Henry himself was barren of entertainment, and her mind roved and craved.

It was a rude affair, its clumsy motive power a horse tramping around in the middle, the seats rough and shaky.

It was ten cents a ride. They climbed, up when it had stopped and refilled, and went swinging round. It had a loud creak, which sounded above the bluster of the band, and their seat jiggled. The grove's thickest population was here. There were many spectators, talking and laughing and eating, and the girl bridled with enjoyment of their regard. She fanned herself with her handkerchief, and then opened her paper bag and ate pop-corn and pea-nuts, and when the machine stopped she did not get up.

"That couple over there's been around two or three times," she said merely, eating contentedly on. They took three turns. Then they lagged back to their tree, arm in arm. Other pairs were under surrounding trees, sitting on shawls or buffalo-robes, or in buggies standing empty-thilled.

"Mercy! I should think 'twas hot enough to set on the ground," said Miss Scott as they sat down.

So far she had talked incessantly and serenely, but she suffered now a lowering of the heedless youthful spirits which had sustained her. She looked at Henry in sudden curiosity; he was sitting quiet, his green-lined hat on his knee, and looking at her. She was flattered by his unremitting admiration, but she was puzzled by its lack of product.

"You ain't much of a talker, be you?" she said. "Well, I guess I gab enough for two. Ain't you going to eat anything? *I* don't want to eat it all."

He opened his bag, and they ate in silence for a time. Here and there people were spreading cloths on the grass, and lugging heavy baskets from wagons.

"I s'pose they'll all be having dinner pretty soon," said the girl, looking around. "Our load's going to eat all together. Well, I've et so much stuff *now* I don't believe I could touch a thing." But she turned her eyes restlessly about, munching. "What *you* going to do for dinner?" she queried.

"I brought a little something," said Henry. He had brought some bread and meat and a boiled egg in his pocket.

Miss Scott searched the bags for the candy without further question. A few moments back, in her airy complacence, she would have asked him to eat dinner with their load, but the inclination that would have prompted it was subdued. She chewed her candy in silent wonder at him, and the displeasure which comes so easily to her age and kind, eying him covertly down his clean white length. Her mind, which had wavered between her first derision and her later respect, settled itself. She reflected that he could not say boo to a goose. Yet she could not account for his backwardness; no experience defended it. There was nobody within immediate sight, and guided by her crude traditions, with the matter-of-fact conceptions of them which robbed them of harm, she had looked for him to offer to hold her hand.

"Well, I believe I'm thirsty again," she said. "'Tain't much wonder, I've et so much."

"Do you want some water?" said Henry. Some idea of her dissatisfaction penetrated to his dizzied mind, and he spoke anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Scott. She got up, shaking the shucks and orange skins from her stained lap. "They've got watermelon up to one of the stands; I saw it."

He had not much money left, but he took it out willingly.

"I might as well go 'long," she said, following, her eyes roaming widely. "There's Miny Cone. Well, there's Dave and Gil. I *thought* 'twas funny where they'd gone to." She lingered, flushing and giggling. "Well, go on," she said, over her shoulder; "I'll wait here."

He hurried back, with two slices of watermelon on a piece of brown paper. But she was gone. He was perspiring with his haste and the extreme heat; the moisture rolled down his face; his collar was wet and wilted, and the melon dripped down his clothes. He stood, his legs close together, and stared at the place where he had left her, and a young fellow who stood watching broke into a guffaw. "Your girl's lit out," he said.

The woman whose horse he had watered came within range, driving a flock of children before her. "You had your dinner?" she called out. "Don't you want to come and set down with us? We got a plenty." And accepting his refusal, she brought back to him a cup of cold coffee, some cold corn, and a piece of cake. He sat down and ate it.

He had but five cents left, and his thoughts went back to Mary. A pop-corn ball was the most he could buy for five cents, and pausing in sobered reflection, he made a careful selection of one, smoothed its red paper around it, and put it safely into his pocket.

He started home late that afternoon, walking at the side of the road, down which the home-bound picnickers drove in a long procession and a long, dense cloud of dust, which choked and covered him. One after another offered him a lift, but he tramped on, and, steadily covering the miles, turned through distant cross-roads, and left the last of the picnic behind him.

It was seven o'clock—eight. The heat of the day had gone with the sun, and the evening was coolly cloudy. He went through wild roads, meeting nobody, and across fields and through lanes, to shorten his journey; his feet and clothes were wet with the heavy dew. The chirping of far-off frogs and near crickets was all the sound, and the darkness grew. The stubbled oat fields, a belated hay-stack now and then, and the worn rails of the fences caught the last light, and the daisies and the white heads of wild-carrot came out like stars along the road-side.

Three miles from home he heard the slow tread of a horse's feet and a faint rattle, and Schraader's peddling wagon stopped as he came in sight. Mary was alone on the seat.

"We got home kind o' early, Henry," she said, "and I thought I'd drive along back a little ways and meet you."

He got up beside her, where she sat staidly, and then, looking at her for a moment, for the first time in their lives he put his arm on her shoulders and kissed her; and they drove on silently in the quiet night.

Emma A. Opper.

A NEW YACHT CLUB-HOUSE.

At a meeting of the New York Yacht Club, held last winter, Messrs. Ogden Goelet and Gouverneur Kortright were instructed to prepare for the yachtsmen belonging to this aristocratic organization convenient facilities for making landings from their yachts at Newport, Rhode Island. There had been for several seasons a general complaint among the yachtsmen at the absence of a satisfactory place to land there, and the result of the club's action has been the securing of a lease of a dock adjoining the Commercial Wharf of Newport, on which has been erected a neat two-story club-house, and the construction of two floats, where the yachtsmen leave and meet their small boats, thereby being free from the use of public wharfs and inconvenient landings. The new club-house was completed in the early part of this summer, and recent experience at Newport has shown its great convenience.

Newport has come to be a very popular Eastern yachting rendezvous, especially for the yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Club's fleet. Its harbor, which is one of the best in the East, together with its many pleasures ashore, is attractive to the yachtsmen who cruise eastward, and the days have been few this year when there were not anchored off the city a number of yachts flying the New York Yacht Club's colors.

In the establishment of this annex at Newport the club does not wish it understood that it has built what it considers a summer home, for the present outlay of $3000 has been merely for the convenience of its members and their friends. Its lease of the dock on which stands the club-house was taken for five years, with the option of a purchase at the expiration of that time, and there is little doubt that the property will be bought eventually if the yachtsmen continue to make as much use of the club-house as they have done so far this season. The house is attractive in appearance, is of itself thirty feet square, and is provided with two balconies looking out upon the harbor. Each story is given up to a room, the upper being arranged for the use of ladies, and the lower for ladies and gentlemen. Both rooms are appropriately furnished for waiting-rooms, and during the annual squadron cruise of the club, which ended August 17th, were at times places of great liveliness, when Newport's fashion was displayed in the make-up of yachting parties that gathered there to be taken off to the yachts. The club's flag is displayed from a flag-staff in front, and there is provided a flag-staff for signalling between the club-house and the yachts. All mail matter and communications to the yachtsmen belonging to the club are sent to the club-house, as are small packages. The only line in this direction is drawn on yacht supplies, which are usually carried to a float at the inner end of the dock, and transferred from there to the various craft.

Altogether, the New York Yacht Club is nicely quartered at Newport, and it is planning an unusually interesting series of races to be sailed there next month. The club has extended the use of the club-house to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, the Eastern Yacht Club of Boston, and several other clubs, for this season.

George Card Pease.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at Milwaukee during the last week of August, is the twenty-third annual reunion of this great organization of Union war veterans. Its growth from a single "post," established in Illinois soon after the close of the civil war, to its present membership of hundreds of thousands, has been very remarkable. Its successive yearly gatherings of old comrades have been marked by undiminishing enthusiasm, and yet this year, for the first time in its history, the National Encampment was threatened with comparative failure, owing to the refusal of the railroads to make the desired reduction in fares for Grand Army men visiting it. Several of the Department Commanders, from whose States large delegations were expected at Milwaukee, combined to advise the members of the posts in their respective commands not to attend the Encampment unless the railroads should yield, and to be represented only by their accredited delegates. However, Major Warner, the Commander-in-chief, who was at the time engaged in his duties as a member of the Sioux Commission, which has met with so much success, promptly came to the rescue, and urged all Grand Army men in the country who could do so to gather at the Encampment as usual. This action of Commander-in-chief Warner has doubtless given him an enduring claim on the good-will of Milwaukee. It afterward turned out also that more favorable terms were obtained from some of the railroads.

But that prospect of decreased attendance had meanwhile been far from discouraging the people of the city, who evidently meant that nothing should be lacking on their part to make the Encampment both enjoyable and successful. A Committee on Quarters and Entertainment visited the hotels and boarding-houses, undertook a canvass of private families, to see where guests could be lodged and fed, and also made provision for the erection of tents and barracks. For the grand parade of veterans and sons of veterans, which is always a great popular feature of the National Encampment, an energetic committee was appointed, headed by Captain Charles King, now of the retired list of the regular army, and Inspector-General of Wisconsin. Among celebrities of whose presence the Committee of Arrangements was assured, besides Commander-in-chief Warner, were General W. T. Sherman, always a welcome figure among his old comrades, and General Rusk, the head of the Department of Agriculture. As an extra attraction for visitors, a sham naval battle was arranged to take place in the bay in front of the city. Secretary Tracy directed the *Michigan*, of the navy, to participate in this affair, and the presence of several of the government's revenue-cutters serving on the lakes was also secured.

The Grand Army of the Republic stands practically without a parallel in this country. Of our five military orders, the Order of the Cincinnati, the Aztec Club, and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion were founded by and composed of commissioned officers. The Association of Mexican Veterans resembles the Grand Army in taking in enlisted men, but of course it is wholly eclipsed by the latter in point of numbers. Everywhere the neat little "recognition button" of the Grand Army is seen, and since the great body of the people is still leavened by so large a proportion of veteran volunteers, it is not surprising that it should be an influential organization in public affairs. For that very reason, of course, it needs most careful and intelligent administration, so that it may not be perverted and made the instrument of selfish ambition. Its rules and ritual from the start denoted worthy purposes, so that its roll of membership might be a roll of honor, entitling the organization to the respect and gratitude of the country. And it is only just to say that in multitudes of instances the little G. A. R. button in the coat lapel is a badge of worthy citizenship in the present, as well as a token of patriotic devotion in the past. That the reunions of the Grand Army are watched with wide-spread interest is always evident, and even the eagerness with which, year after year, the choice of site for the next encampment is contested, indicates its strong hold on the people. So no doubt it will be for many annual gatherings yet to come, far along into the twentieth century.

Commander Warner's administration the past year has been very successful, the official report showing an increase of 59,012 members since 1888. The present membership is 413,328. Since the organization of the Grand Army, $1,957,000 have been expended in charity and relief. A portrait of Commander Warner is given in this issue, and one of his successor will follow in the next number.

THE WORLD'S FAIR PROGRESS.

Mayor Grant, on July 17th, issued a call to several hundred prominent citizens, requesting them to confer with him in the City Hall, on the 25th of the same month, on the subject of holding a World's Fair at New York in 1892 as a quadricentennial celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus. Those invited to attend included representatives of all trades, industries, businesses, and nationalities. The call was made in response to a manifest feeling on the part of the community that the time had come when the initiatory step should be taken in the preparation for the occasion which had already been widely discussed. It followed directly upon the presentation of a petition signed by many influential citizens. Simultaneously a special meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, to be held on the same day as that of the conference with the Mayor, was appointed to consider the matter.

The number and character of the citizens who met at the City Hall on July 25th, and the unmistakable interest they took in the proceedings, showed that the metropolis had taken a firm grasp upon the enterprise at the outset. Men of affairs, of great wealth, and of busy lives, who seldom turn from their important private occupations to take part in public projects, heartily advocated the holding of the fair, and evinced a willingness to accept burdens of responsibility and of work in its behalf. No names could be selected which would better than theirs establish confidence everywhere in the genuine and substantial nature of the undertaking. The Mayor was made chairman of the meeting, and Mr. W. McM. Speer secretary. The formal motion that the World's Fair be held as proposed was enthusiastically and unanimously carried. Appropriate resolutions were adopted. One of these authorized the Mayor to appoint, after due consideration, committees of twenty-five members each respectively on Permanent Organization, Finance, Legislation, and Site and Buildings.

The preliminary action at the City Hall and that at the Chamber of Commerce were in entire harmony with each other, many members of the latter having been active at both meetings. The president of the commercial body selected a committee of sixty to co-operate with other organizations and with the public authorities in furthering the cause of the exposition. In forming the committees, which were announced on August 10th, Mayor Grant requested each and every recognized trade and industrial organization to choose its representative. Fifty-seven names were thus supplied him. He completed the list of a hundred by adding forty-three at large. The civic capacity represented by these committeemen is pre-eminent, and practically all appointed will serve.

The Finance Committee was the first to meet and organize, which it did on August 20th. In this body are Cornelius Vanderbilt, William Rockefeller, Jay Gould, August Belmont, and others of almost equal prominence in the financial world. It is thus exceptionally fitted to deal with its task. The committee unanimously chose Samuel D. Babcock chairman, and J. Edward Simmons treasurer. An Executive Committee of five was elected, and the choice of a secretary left to it to make. Mr. Jesse Seligman presented a plan for raising funds which met with general approval, though it was referred with numerous others to the Executive Committee, who are to examine all propositions and report. Mr. Seligman proposes that a company shall be organized with authority to issue $15,000,000 in stock, which shall be exempted from taxation, and yield annual dividends of two per cent. under the guarantee of the city. He estimates that $7,500,000 will be received in admission fees, and $1,500,000 from rentals. These sums and the buildings, which would be turned over at the close of the fair to the city, he thinks would fully protect it against all risk of loss. The stock, it is thought, under these circumstances, would be readily taken. Legislation, municipal and State, of course, would be necessary to enable the plan to be carried out. The discussion as to how money should be raised to pay for clerk hire, stationery, and other current expenses was terminated by the production of a check for $10,000 from Charles A. Dana to meet them.

The Site and Building Committee met and organized on August 22d. Mr. Charles A. Dana was elected chairman, and Mr. John Foord temporary secretary. An Executive Committee of seven was appointed to visit all the proposed locations available for a site, and submit the results of their examinations to the main body. A resolution was adopted authorizing the Mayor to invite Mr. D. Willis James, one of the committee-men, now in Europe, and others having facilities for so doing, to visit the Paris Exposition, with a view to securing information that will be of use to the committee. Thus far has the preliminary work relating to the projected fair proceeded. The present committees are not permanent ones. They are breaking the ground for the perfected organization which is to follow, and which will not be so entirely local in its composition.

Amos W. Wright.

A JAPANESE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK.

The Japanese colony of New York found out last month that nearly every great nationality of the globe had one or more restaurants of its own in the metropolis, and with the patriotic energy which so characterizes their race, forthwith started just such an exquisite and dainty eating-house as may be found in Yokohama, Tokio, or Nagasaki.

Unfortunately they could find neither the situation nor the building which they would have chosen at home for a first-class restaurant.

Though they chose as wisely as they knew, the place selected is not of the best. With a sublime disregard for fashionable society, the proprietors, T. Yatsmato & Co., picked out a store at No. 84 James Street, near Water, in the heart of that populous district which for forty years has been known to fame as the "Bloody Fourth Ward." On every side are huge tenements, whose ground-floors are devoted to the cheap retail trades, and whose every other part swarms with a mongrel multitude of Italians, Irish, Bohemians, negroes, Hungarians, and Roumanian Jews. Despite the poverty and squalor of the population, good-nature and order are universal.

Nothing on the outside of the building indicates the restaurant within. No sign-board nor card invites the passer-by in either English, Japanese, or Chinese to enter and satisfy the wants of the inner man. The great plate-glass window is curtained with a bamboo and bead portière which entirely conceals the interior. The plate-glass of the door is similarly covered. All that can be seen from the sidewalk is the faint outline and delicate tinting of a Japanese lantern which hangs from the ceiling just behind the window portière, and occasional glimpses of the bright-eyed and quickly moving attachés of the establishment.

It is a wonderful contrast to him who leaves the crowded street and enters the restaurant. The dining-room is long, narrow, and high-ceiled. A quiet paper covers the walls, which are ornamented here and there with peculiar Chinese banners, Japanese straw hangers, and abominable American chromos. Clumsy chairs and little tables covered with white oil-cloth are arranged on either side of the room. Everything is delightfully cool, clean, and fresh-looking. The floor, walls, and ceiling are innocent of dust or débris.

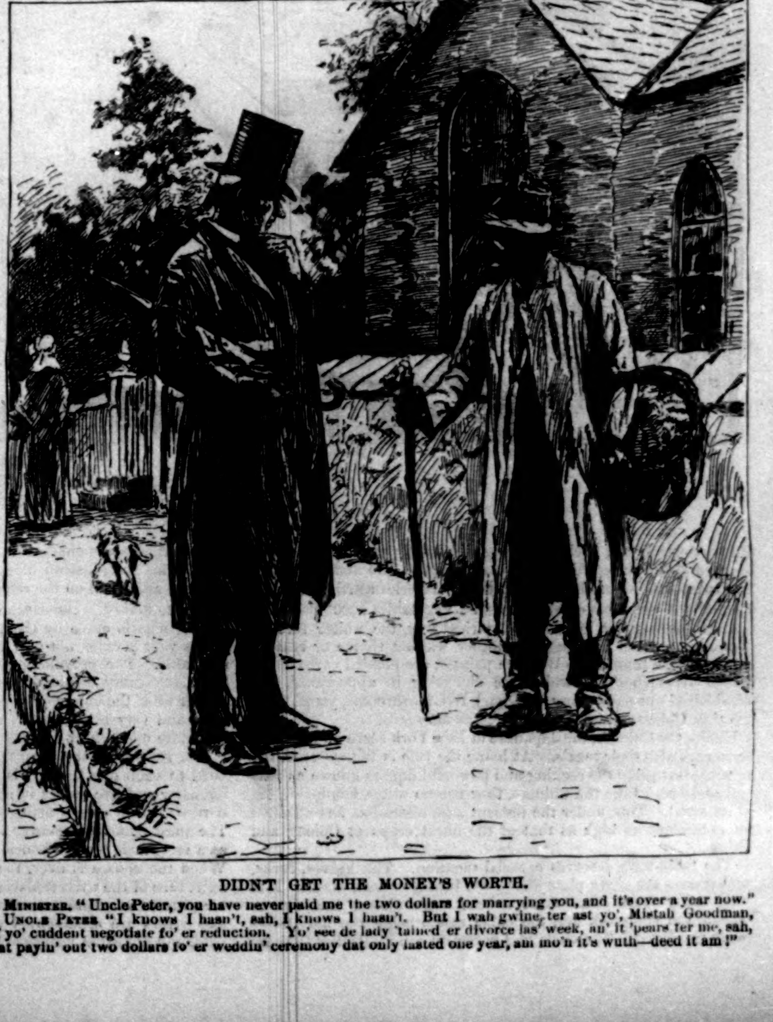
The proprietor, cook, steward, and waiter are Japanese of the purest type. They dress neatly in American clothes, and wear their hair and sparse beard in regular New York style, but in manners, gait, carriage, and appearance are genuine children of the Orient. They speak English fairly well, using the low tones, the half-intonation, and the musical inflection so common to the languages of the East.

And the dinner? Worthy of any of the great *chefs* of Paris or of New York. The cooking is marked by odd but pleasing ethnic peculiarities. For centuries the food of the Japanese was chiefly cereals, vegetables, and fish, meat being unfashionable, and seldom if ever used.

With the civilizing of the empire of the Mikado, or rather the Americanizing—for, strange to say, that land has adopted the Yankee as the type of all human excellence—there came a change in the national menu, of which the more striking elements were the introduction of bread and pastry, and a vast relative increase in the use of animal food. The Japanese menu of to-day is about half-way between that of the past and that which obtains in the homes of our wealthy people and in the better class of our restaurants. The dinner opens with little slices of dried, smoked, or salted fish, served with bright-colored vegetables. This course is very similar to the one served at the same point on Italian tables. The next dish is a fish soup, which ought to be adopted in our own land for its delicious and wholesome qualities. It is made from a stock like our soups, but with the difference that the Japanese cook makes a stock exclusively from fish, as we do with meat. The cheaper mild-flavored fishes are boiled for days, until all the gelatine and soluble elements are extracted by the hot water, and nothing is left but mere skin and bone. These are strained out, leaving a heavy, transparent, yellowish brown fluid of a very grateful flavor and great nutritive power. When served, it is brought on in a bowl in which have been placed a well-steamed fillet of blue-fish, weak-fish, or salmon, two or three boiled tree-mushrooms, and such spices and other condiments as the *chef* may fancy.

The third course is fish, roasted or broiled. It is served unbroken on a handsome platter, and decorated in a manner altogether Eastern. The favorite style in this respect is to fill one corner of the dish with little blocks of omelet, either plain or highly seasoned; a second corner, with a pile of spinach, with which have been cooked minute pieces of radish skin, carrot, or beet, to give a contrast in color; a third corner, with radishes cut into curious shapes that display the crimson of the exterior as well as the white within; and the fourth, with mushrooms, *ma-tais* (an exquisite Eastern esculent), or truffles. This dish when served is a perfect poem in color. The fourth course is an *entrée*, either of fish cooked something like the *boullibaisse* of Marseilles, or of meat, poultry, or game as with us.

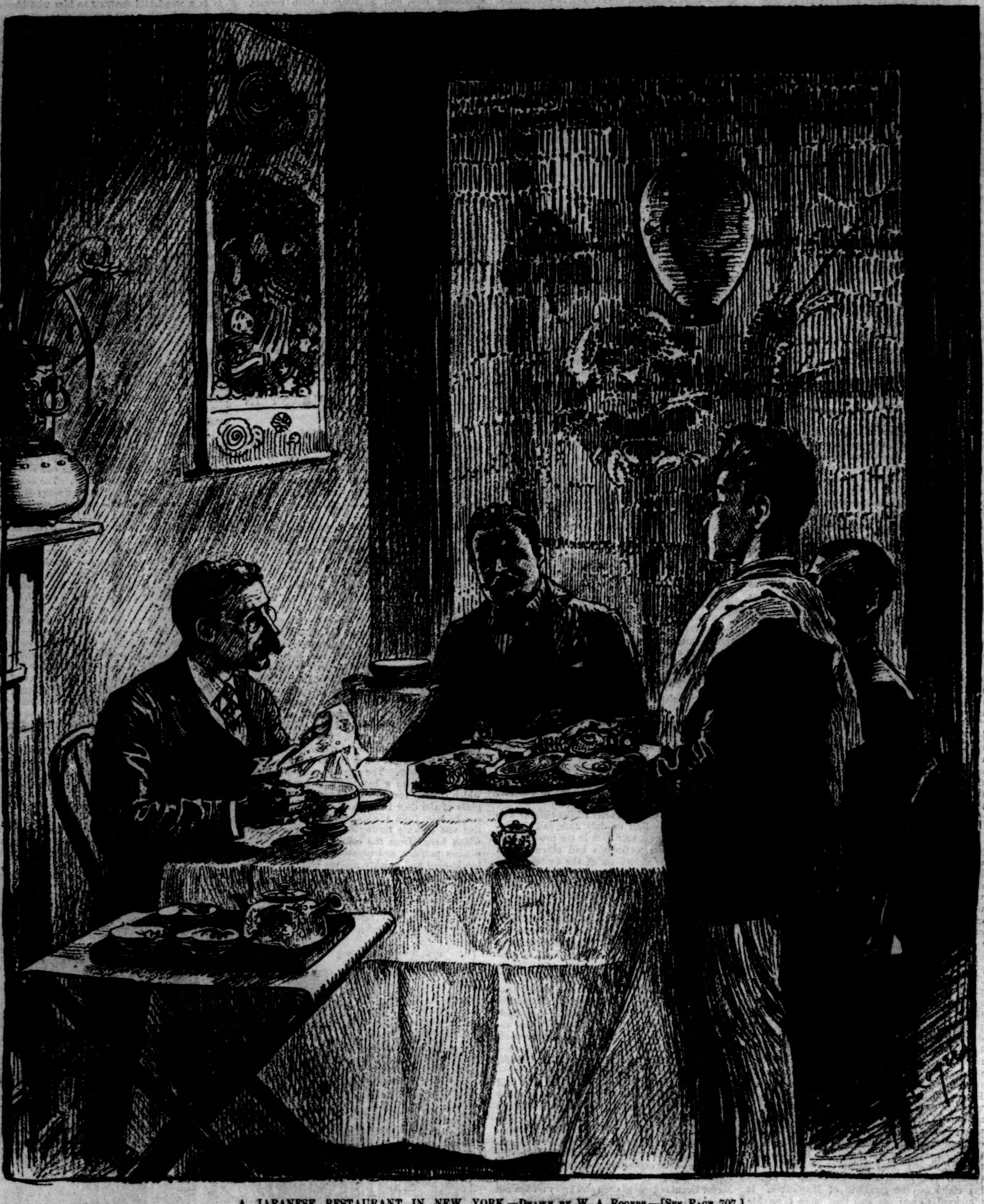
It is followed by diminutive fish or meat dump-



DIDN'T GET THE MONEY'S WORTH.

Minister. "Uncle Peter, you have never paid me the two dollars for marrying you, and it's over a year now."

Uncle Peter. "I knows I hasn't, sah, I knows I hasn't. But I wah gwine ter ast yo', Mistah Goodman, if yo' cuddent negotiate fo' er reduction. Yo' see de lady 'tained er divorce las' week, an' it 'pears ter me, sah, dat payin' out two dollars fo' er weddin' ceremony dat only lasted one year, am mo'n it's wuth—deed it am!"



A JAPANESE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 707.]

lings, of which the enclosing dough is hardly as thick as cardboard, and the spiced filling has been chopped into almost a pulp. The roast that succeeds is the ordinary American article, though originally it was a baked stuffed fish. Vegetables accompany the various courses, but in a very empirical way, the waiter forever removing one and bringing on another, without rhyme or reason. Besides those familiar to Western palates, are pickled carrots and soused beets (both of which are charming in appearance, but mawkish if not nauseating in flavor), tree-mushrooms, yams, bamboo tips, Chinese potatoes, and watermelon seeds.

Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese in New York serve no alcoholic beverages with their meals. At home the rule is the opposite, the very poorest using the reeking and powerful liquors known as *saki* and *samshui*. Like the Chinese, they use no water, employing tea in its stead. This, under the present administration, has attained an excellence as high as that of the finest crops of Oolong and Pekoe.

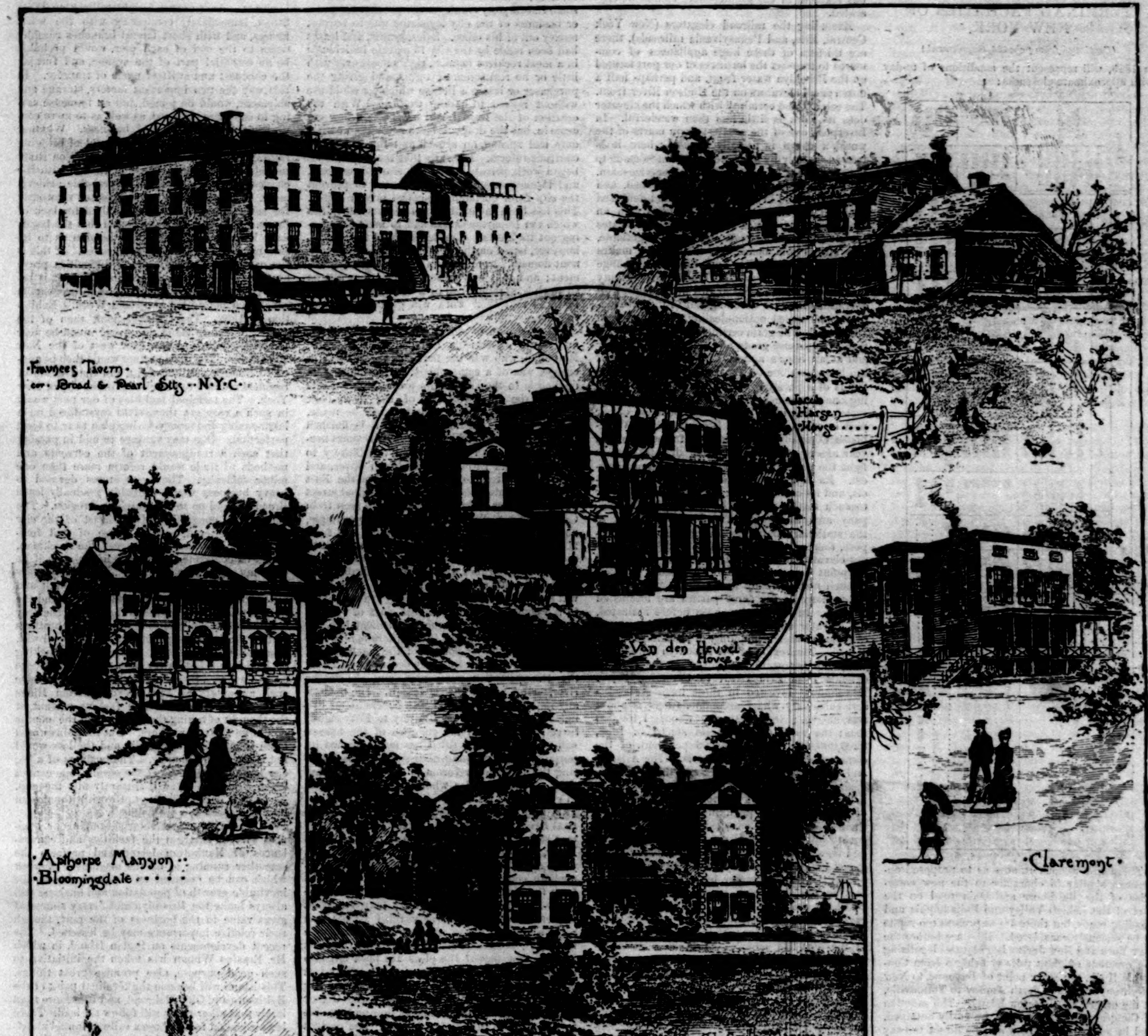
The table-ware deserves especial mention. The knives, forks, and spoons are silver plate and of the best American make. It is only thirty years since these articles were almost unknown in Japan, the chopstick and the china spoon being the only table-ware employed. The china and porcelain are altogether Oriental in appearance and character. The teacups are wide and shallow, with brims that, instead of being flat, curl up at one point into a graceful apex, and on the opposite side sink down into a delicate V-shaped hollow. Both inside and out, beneath the colored glaze, are the whorls made by the potter in "throwing" the cup. The glazes vary in color, not only on the cups, but on all the pottery of the table. The prevailing tints are greenish grays and grayish blues, but every shade of the spectrum is called into use. No matter what the colors employed may be, the general effect is subdued and very beautiful. The relief is still further enhanced by the white oil-cloth or damask table-cloth.

The service of the soup is very curious. The waiter brings a bowl to each guest which is ovoid in shape, about six inches in diameter and five inches in height. The top is channelled, and is covered with a closely fitting lid, almost saucer-like in appearance. The guest removes the cover and lays it alongside the bowl, using it as a receptacle for fish bones, vegetable stems, or animal cartilage. When the course is over, the waiter seizes the cover, and with a swift turn of the wrist replaces it on the bowl, throwing into the latter with the same movement the débris it contains. The soup bowls and covers are ornamented with handsome designs in color and gold, and are often beautiful enough to be included in a collection of bric-à-brac. They are made thicker than most of the ware intended for table use, in order to retain the heat of their contents. The platters are usually parallelograms with the corners cut out into scallops or waved curves. They are similar in general shape to those used on American tables, but more graceful in outline, and far more artistic in color and decoration. The sauce dish is another object in which the Japanese artist is at his best. It is a globular vessel with a short spout, which would pass muster as a doll's teapot. The curve is a three-centred oval, such as was used in the famous Etruscan vases, and the ornamentation of the surface in color and metal is remarkably rich and impressive. It contains a sauce about identical with the Chinese *se-yu*, or the East Indian *soy*.

All of the table china in the Japanese restaurant makes a pleasing contrast to that usually employed by our own race. Its color, shape, and decoration vary infinitely, but are always restful and agreeable to the eye.

Last of all, but of equal interest to the reader, is the fact that the Japanese favor economy and low prices. A superb meal with them costs not more than a quarter of what it would under American or European auspices. From first to last their dinners are good, delightful, and very cheap.

William E. S. Fales.


Fraunces Tavern, cor. Broad & Pearl Sts. N.Y.C.
Jacob Harsen House
Van den Heuvel House
Apthorpe Mansion, Bloomingdale
Claremont
Col. Smith's Mansion, 61st St. E. River
The Jumel Mansion
Van Cortlandt Manor
The Striker Homestead
Jacob Arden House
Hughson Hawley

HISTORIC NEW YORK HOUSES.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

TERMINAL FACILITIES OF NEW YORK.

(*Continued from page 696, Supplement.*)

in 1885, will represent the conditions of to-day with approximate closeness:

Name of Road.	Plant. Fixed. Total Track in all Yards.	Terminal on Hudson River. Track in Yards.	Area of Yards, Extent of Piers.	Area of Piers.	Covered Floor Area.	New York City Stations' Covered Floor Area.	Locomotive. Yard Engines.	Propellers.	Lighters.	Power. Average Laborers, etc., employed daily at Yards, Stations, and Lighters.	Average Coal used daily.
	Miles.	Miles.	Acres	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.	No.	No.	No.	No.	Tons.
New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.	28	28	83	450,000	350,000	350,000	14	12	40	1,300	110
Pennsylvania Railroad........	39	20	71	300,000	360,000	200,000	15	16	80	1,300	120
New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad..	49	30	70	250,000	300,000	150,000	16	8	55	1,000	100
Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad.	50	44	74	600,000	540,000	....	15	......	....	300	50
N. Y., W. S. and B. Ry. and N. Y., O. and W. Ry.	34	12	80	600,000	450,000	100,000	9	8	55	900	70
Total........	200	134	378	2,200,000	2,000,000	800,000	69	44	230	4,700	450
Cost per unit, dollars........	10,000	....	52,000	1.00	0.80	6.00	8,700	25,000	9,000	2.00 @ 6%	4.00 @ 6%
Representing millions of dollars capital........	2.000	....	20,000	2.200	1.600	5.400	0.600	1.100	2.100	17,000	9,000

There are various rumors as to proposed operations similar in character to the new enterprise of the Baltimore and Ohio road on the part of the Lehigh Valley and Philadelphia and Reading roads, but these are at present too vague to be seriously considered. Bills are before the New York and New Jersey Legislatures legalizing the erection of giant railway bridges from Constable Hook, the outer point of Bayonne, to New Brighton, and from Perth Amboy to Tottenville, at the other end of Staten Island. The sanction of Congress could, of course, be easily obtained, and in such case there would be direct railway connection with the magnificent Staten Island water front by three routes—more than sufficient to accommodate all railways which might wish to here locate their terminal facilities. It is more probable, however, if late reports can be trusted, that one or both of these railroads will find terminal facilities in connection with the new plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is not necessary to describe with fuller detail the present terminal facilities of the roads which find the river and bay a barrier between them and New York city. The floating service by which they obviate this Rubicon is enormously expensive, not only to the railroads themselves, but is a serious tax on the commerce of the port. We have been so long accustomed to it that we rarely stop to think how cruelly it handicaps the transaction of business. Yet we shall see that many keen-sighted and public-spirited men have long been weighing this problem, and devising means to lift the incubus. None of the railroads terminating on the New Jersey shore, except the West Shore, at present has elbow-room for its operations, aside from the inconvenience of such a terminus under the most favorable conditions. The terminal facilities of the New York Central road are fairly adequate; but that great corporation, if rumor can be trusted, foresees the early arrival of the period when its traffic will have outgrown the present business conveniences on the shore of Manhattan Island, which are located on the river front from Fifty-eighth Street to Seventy-second Street. The tremendous aggregation of freight yards, shops, piers fitted with all the appliances of facility in loading and unloading, docks, elevators, etc., would seem to promise capacity up to any limit of expectation. But when we study the future by the past, and measure by the swift growth with which New York has rivalled for the last quarter of a century the pace of the most ambitious Western cities, it will be seen that we must build for the future, not merely provide for the present.

In the strict technical sense, terminal facilities apply only to the receiving and delivering accommodations of our great common carriers. But these are so intertwined with methods of transshipment, of storage, of final delivery, so related to the elevators and warehouses of Brooklyn, and to the dock system of our two great water fronts on Manhattan Island, that the various features in the grand whole cannot be separated.

Excluding the railroad elevators (New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania railroads), there are thirteen of these huge appliances of commerce to transact the business of our port located on the Brooklyn water front, and perhaps half a dozen small elevators on the Hudson River front. The celerity and certainty with which the elevator does its work is little less than wonderful. In Liverpool, one of the greatest grain marts of the world, a cargo is literally *handled;* here it is treated entirely by machinery. Grain is made to flow in and out like water through a service main. It is received, weighed, graded, cleaned, and screened, stored in measured bins, and delivered again in fixed quantities and qualities with an exactness which makes no blunders. Certificates are given for the amount and grade, negotiable, like stocks and bonds. It is this that makes institutions like the New York Produce Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade such weighty factors in business—not merely in the legitimate operations in grain on hand, but in that fascinating game called option-dealing, or gambling in "futures." The grain certificate will always command the precise grade and quantity it calls for and at an hour's notice. Indeed, two-thirds of the business done on the Produce Exchange to-day is of a purely speculative character, this being one of the unavoidable evils of the elevator system. Nearly all the elevator business of our port is controlled by the Brooklyn Grain Warehouse Company, a combination formed about a year ago to prevent the cutting of rates, and to fight the pending battle against the canal interest. Its capacity of storage is 18,000,000 bushels, and its concentration of capital only inferior to such institutions as the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust. In addition to the stationary buildings devoted to this purpose, there are between thirty and forty floating elevators, which may be tugged from point to point in connection with loaded barges. Though nominally not under the same management, many of the same parties are interested in both. In fact, as has been before indicated, the elevator and warehouse systems are practically one in their community of advantages to be gained. The region of the Brooklyn warehousemen, both for grain and miscellaneous storage, extends from Erie Basin to Catherine Ferry. The amount invested in these huge structures and subsidiary wharf accommodations is about $25,000,000; their capacity about 1,100,000 tons; the value of the goods stored in 1888, $200,000,000, representing 68 per cent. of the commercial deliveries of the port. The Atlantic and Erie basins are by far away the most convenient and completely arranged of any location in the port of New York for the entertainment of shipping, for the quick and happy despatch of their business. So crowded and jealous is the occupancy of docks and piers on the Jersey City and New York water fronts—these being mortgaged for exclusive use by different corporations—that the tramp steamer, by no means a trifling fact in our commerce, is inevitably driven to Brooklyn for hospitality. The result of the great warehouse system and the superior dock facilities in the sister city is that the east side of the port has acquired an undue relative importance, which imposes a heavy tax on commerce by the necessities of transshipment, storage, and lighterage. It literally tyrannizes over the commerce of New York. The great railroads (with the exception of the New York Central) are obliged to maintain extensive freight accommodations alike in New York and Brooklyn as well as in Jersey City, and a costly fleet of transports to make the connecting links. It may be said, then, that Brooklyn, in the strictly technical as well as in the larger sense, furnishes an indispensable section of the terminal facilities of the port, under the present ordering of our commercial system.

The importance of Brooklyn storage makes itself evident at a glance. New York city is so wretchedly supplied with warehouses that it cannot accommodate twenty per cent. of its own business. The so-called bonded warehouses on Manhattan Island are a most absurd travesty, a pint cup provided to hold the contents of a cask. It is not only in the case of products designed for transshipment, but in merchandise held for immediate sale, that the Brooklyn warehouse is an imperious necessity. Dry goods from coarse cotton cloth to the most costly silks and velvets, groceries from molasses and sugar to the choicest teas and wines, crockery, glass-ware, hardware—in a word, nearly every article of use or luxury finds storage-room on the other side of the East River. The New York merchant carrying a large stock of goods finds it less expensive to keep his surplus in Brooklyn than in New York. Many of the leading hotels, even, retain their wines in store there till they need them for immediate use. It is only those who have had occasion to look carefully at the facts who appreciate in the least the importance of the Brooklyn warehouse system to New York commerce; and yet how much that system adds to the expenses of doing business! Why this cumbersome and disjointed feature in our business machinery, involving the costly operations of lighterage and trucking to an extent which embarrasses trade, should exist is an interesting problem. A study of the New York water front and its relations to the Dock Department will throw some light on it.

This most important bureau—a part of our municipal administration, however, less known and discussed by the general public than any other branch—was created in 1871. Previous to this time our city Solons had regarded the water front property as being of such trifling importance that anything like a systematic plan of improvement to meet the current and future needs of commerce had never been conceived, or, if so, it had been regarded as the notion of some reformatory crank who forgot that the proper business of the city legislator was to harvest money out of his office. Sales, grants, and leases had been made by the city to private individuals in a most reckless fashion, rights made over with little or no restriction of terms, and giving the purchaser or lessee a license which he could use without regard to public welfare. With the creation of the Department of Docks a new era came in, but the dragon's teeth sown at an earlier date had sprung up armed and threatening to confront reform. Instantly that the Department began work, private selfishness showed its teeth, and injunction suits were instituted to prevent the city from curtailing so-called private rights. This has been one of the most serious difficulties which the Department has had to meet in carrying out its ideals. The decisions of the courts, however, based on the fundamental law of "eminent domain," have been in favor of the Department; and it is now believed that they will be so much less trammelled by these vexatious interferences that their work will go on with more rapidity.

The new plan of docks and piers formulated under the supervision of General George B. McClellan, who was the first engineer placed in charge, was of a comprehensive character, most creditable to the skill of its projector. On this scheme the improvements of the New York water front have been made and will be made, subject to some modifications, till it is finished and a continuation of improvement becomes necessary. The plan extends from the Battery to Seventy-second Street on the North River, and from the Battery to Grand Street on the East River. It contemplates a roomy marginal street along the water front; such as may be seen from Canal Street to West Tenth Street, for example, 250 feet wide on the west side of town, and from 200 to 150 feet on the east side. On account of the narrowness of the strait and the swiftness of the current, 500 feet will be the practicable limit for pier length on the East River. This front will probably be confined for many years to come to the commerce of the smaller class of vessels. The principal energy of the Department is being given to the North River front, where is now concentrated the major portion of the commerce of the port, carried on by great ocean steam-ships, the transportation companies, and the larger river, sound, and coastwise vessels. The essentially important part of the plan covers about five miles in length from the Battery to Fifty-eighth Street, and on this the energies of the bureau will be concentrated till it has accomplished its purpose. The pressing necessity of consummating the proposed reforms is shown in the fact that the demand for wharfage room increases in geometrical ratio far beyond ability of supply. This may be said of both river fronts, but the East River will have to wait for the more important stream. When the new plan for the North River, as now formulated, was laid out eighteen years ago, the improvement of property for immediate commercial purposes diverted thought from the claims of the future. By that plan the water-line on the North River between West Eleventh and West Twenty-third streets was made a long bulkhead, or sea-wall, about a mile in length, without piers. The river at this part is so narrow that if the piers are built out into the stream there is danger that the forty-foot channel of the river running closely to the city water front would be deflected to the Jersey shore, and transfer the shallows now on that side to the shore of Manhattan Island. The present engineer-in-chief, Mr. Greene, to obviate this difficulty, has proposed a change in the McClellan specifications. He urges that West Street, 250 feet wide, shall be extended from West Tenth Street to West Twenty-third Street, excepting, of course, the blocks on which the New West Washington Market stands. This plan includes the excavation of the new-made land west of the street, such property to be bought by the city. In other words, instead of piers being extended, docks will be cut into the city front. This will give an addition of nineteen large piers, two large half-piers, and two small piers, increasing our wharfage-room twenty-five per cent. beyond that of the original McClellan scheme, and yielding to the city a revenue of $800,000 per year. A bill to authorize this change in the primary plan is now before the Legislature, and its passage is almost a foregone conclusion.

It will be seen that the intelligent work of improvement on our water front has only been in progress for eighteen years, and that during this time the energies of the bureau in charge of the work have been crippled and partly wasted. Our water front has never been in a condition to warrant the organization and building of a great warehouse system in the city of New York, and will not reach that stage till the plans of the Dock Department are carried out. This first step achieved, the rest is an easy problem, which New York energy and capital will promptly solve. The warehouse cannot exist to advantage except in immediate contiguity with the best wharf facilities. It is easy, then, to see why New York has been forced to go to Brooklyn for storage, in spite of the toll her commerce has to pay for the accommodation.

The fact that a New York warehouse system must needs be built *ab initio*, and will not be a piece of patchwork and compromise, is favorable to the best conditions of success. West Street and the lateral blocks, which now present a curious and disgusting spectacle of groggeries, cheap dives, junk-shops, sailor hotels, Hebrew old clo' shops, etc., will be swept and garnished from the rabble camp-following of Mammon, and dedicated to the nobler temple uses of that much-abused deity. With ample pier and dock room, a congeries of magnificent fire-proof warehouses on West Street, with its great marginal width, would become almost inevitable. These could be multiplied to almost any extent to suit the needs of business. An elevated freight railway on West Street, immediately connecting with the warehouses, and with short lateral branches running down to the end of each pier, would probably be an essential part of the system, and furnish the cheapest and swiftest mode of transfer. In this way the two important factors, storage and shipment, would be joined, and an immense saving to commerce effected, as well as to mere convenience and symmetry of business. Whether the project can be made successful of bringing railway trains into New York by a Hudson River tunnel is still an open question, though with the chances largely in favor of its probable achievement. The enterprise was prosecuted vigorously for several years, and finally halted for lack of funds. It is now officially stated that the bonds have been so freely taken in London as to insure more than all the capital needed. If this is the case, and the engineering difficulties prove no more difficult than is now supposed, it is believed that nothing will intervene to prevent its conclusion before the projected World's Exhibition in 1892. The terminal point then of the great trunk lines using the tunnel would be near Washington Square, and just west of the New York Hotel. The third partner would then be added to Storage and Shipment, and the friction of business reduced to a minimum in the city of New York. The terminal facilities of our port would in such a case get themselves crystallized on a labor-saving and money-saving plan near to ideal perfection. One may venture to add in passing that such a readjustment of the currents and methods of trade would reform more than one minor difficulty. The great stores devoted to heavy business would probably gradually leave Broadway and go to the warehouse region. The tremendous congestion of the heart of the city would be relieved, and the reign of that foul-mouthed potentate of the street, the truckman, would be contracted to humble limits, even if he were not absolutely dethroned. We could very well afford to miss the picturesque tumult and confusion with the frequent street jams and the unique blackguardism which the king of the dray and the truck delights to shower on his brothers and on the innocent pedestrian at his royal will. The cost of the present necessities of trucking on land is not less heavy than that of lighterage on the water. Some philanthropist might raise such an outcry as Apollo evoked from Midas when he gave him a certain famous present, at the thought of taking the bread out of the mouths of a large class of workers. But the gains would more than satisfy the public, and the loss would not make them unhappy. The business of a big city is like the fulness of the ocean: one cannot make a hole in it, as it instantly fills the gap. No class is ever thrown out of work without soon finding a place by readjustment.

To whatever extent reformation in our business system enlarges the facilities and conveniences of Manhattan Island, and perfects the smoother running of all the machinery of work which can be crowded on its water fronts, the inevitable growth of population and business will always make the Brooklyn and Jersey shores of great value to the business of the port, though their relative importance may be lessened. The recent developments on Staten Island, in which Mr. Erastus Wiman has taken the initiative to such good purpose, also promise great things. This island will become the terminal point of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and it is more than likely that other roads will follow the lead. There is a project on foot to bore a railway tunnel underneath the Narrows, and thus open direct rail connection between the West and New York's Brooklyn suburb. This, as an engineering plan, can be accomplished with very little difficulty, and at a cost, it is claimed, of less than $6,000,000. Its importance to Staten Island and Brooklyn, indeed to the whole port of New York, in lightening terminal charges on such products as wheat, would be a very considerable item in the equation of values. Still another project proposes a double suspension-bridge over the East River at Blackwell's Island, adequate for railway trains as well as wagon and passenger traffic. This, however, would play such a subsidiary part in perfecting terminal facilities at this port that it is barely worth mention in the present connection. But as a part of the complex terminal machinery of the harbor of New York, we can no more omit the consideration of the warehouse system, alike present and in its probable evolution, and of the docks and piers of Manhattan Island both now and in the early future, than we can omit canal-boats and grain elevators and freight yards.

The statement of the fundamental principle that the expensive links between receipt of products, their local distribution and storage, and final transshipment or delivery, must be cheapened, and as far as possible removed, is a mere axiom. It needs no proof. Let us, then, condense the main points of this survey.

First, as to facts:

A. The Erie Canal is for seven months of the year the inevitable regulator of the prices of transportation from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. Everything that decreases its burdens and increases its capacity, if accomplished without wounding other important interests in more than equal ratio, is a public benefit.

B. The only great railway possessing terminal facilities in New York is the New York Central. The other trunk lines are cramped within insufficient space on the New Jersey water front, and transact their terminal business only by the *addenda* of ferry-boats, steam-floats, and lighters, an enormously costly plant, the interest on the value of which, plus the current expense account, drains the commerce of the port like a blood-sucker.

C. The railroads are now being driven to seek new terminal outlets in self-protection which will facilitate their business methods, and enable them to cheapen the expense of the last link in the chain of final delivery.

D. The grain elevator and storage system located on the Brooklyn water front, however necessary now to the present conditions of business, can easily be made to divert traffic from this great *entrepôt* by overcharges, temptation to which is enhanced by the peculiar topography of the city and harbor.

E. This class of terminal expenses intervening between first delivery and final distribution or transshipment must be reduced as far as possible, without working injustice to those who have capital invested in warehouses and elevators. In other words, this capital, either by law or by the forces of competition, must be forced to content itself with moderate profits, or it will become a danger to the commercial supremacy of our port, especially as a grain-exporting centre.

F. The New York water front on both rivers, until eighteen years ago, was suffered to remain in a condition most unfortunate for our commerce and disgraceful to the energy and enterprise of the city. The essential need of New York is that the systematic reconstruction of our docks and piers should be driven forward as rapidly as possible, and that the Dock Department should be sturdily sustained in its efforts by our commercial organizations and by public opinion.

G. The connection between the terminal facilities of canal and railroad, lighterage, grain-elevating methods and storage, and the wharfage facilities of the port, where products must finally be delivered for transshipment, is so vital and sensitive that they constitute really one great problem.

Secondly, as to generalizations justified by facts:

A. The subjugation of the Staten Island water front for commercial and terminal purposes now begun is the first of a series of movements which promises to revolutionize the capacity and convenience of the harbor in fulfilling its great destiny. The building of huge warehouses and elevators at the terminal point, or the possible extension of a through railway route to Brooklyn by tunnel, will bring freight-car and storage facilities, and perhaps steam-ships, together, which is at least a partial answer to the business sphinx.

B. The alleged initiative of the Pennsylvania Railroad in laying out a great plan for terminal facilities, warehouses, deep-water basins, and ample wharf accommodations at Bayonne, if it be true, as seems almost certain, is another most important stage of progress in the direction indicated.

C. The consummation of the plans for the improvement of the New York water front will make possible the erection of the finest and most perfectly equipped warehouse system which can be ordered by commercial science. If by the tunnelling of the Hudson River the establishment of ample terminal facilities in the heart of New York is settled, all the conditions will be complete for pursuing the transactions of commerce with such a minimum of friction and expense as to defy competition. Manhattan Island, then, with its adjuncts of Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Jersey City, will have found itself victorious in utilizing the great advantages given by the topography of the harbor and in overcoming its defects, though the latter will cost a great many millions.

The practical, hard-headed thinkers who guide the wheels of trade in New York have been growing more and more alert to great commercial problems. That involved in perfecting terminal and shipping facilities is one of the leading, perhaps the greatest, of these problems. That the full solution is far on its way to meet us seems probable, almost certain. That solution will make New York the greatest commercial city in the world.

HISTORIC NEW YORK HOUSES.

New York had its "class" distinctions almost from the first settlement, and in the days of the First Presidency the families of the patroons, merchants, and professional men represented an aristocracy as clearly defined as that of Great Britain, and based upon the same foundations—pride of ancestry, service to the country, or education. There was no place for "wealth" in the ranks of New York society of those days unless accompanied with all the refinements that the civilization of the day granted. These people lived well, dressed elegantly, and built themselves city and country homes in accordance with their means and position. The homes erected by wealthy New-Yorkers of the latter part of the eighteenth century were all substantial as well as elegant structures. That they were substantial is shown by the condition of the dozen or so of architectural relics that are still standing in the city. That they were elegant is to be seen in these same old relics, as well as in the many pictures of colonial residences that have long since given way to "business progress," which term is one of the modern definitions of utilitarianism.

The New York business man has been indulging in retrospection of late, his thoughts turned backward by reason of the recent centennial celebration. He has heard much about this house that entertained Washington within its portals; another that sheltered Hamilton, Livingston, and Knox; and that hospitable mansion where Mrs. John Jay was wont to entertain the republican court so often during the first years of Washington's administration. "Where are they?" he asks. Gone, all of them, or almost all.

Of the thousands that daily pass the intersection of Broad and Pearl streets few realize that in the dingy and disfigured building on the northeast corner, occupied now by plumber, barber, and German saloon-keeper, occurred one of the most affecting and impressive scenes that closed the war of the Revolution. It was here that Washington bade a sad farewell to his officers, the trusted men who suffered in privation and misery with him through the long dark struggle that resulted in the establishment of this glorious republic. "They builded better than they knew." Fraunce's Tavern. The name had a resonant sound, and its keeper, Sam Fraunce, a French creole from the island of Martinique, was a character in his way. He waxed fat and prosperous on the custom of the roistering British officers during their occupation of New York; but after the declaration of peace, things did not go so well with Sam. The citizens were forced to the closest economy by reason of the stagnation of business after the long war, and Sam's business dwindled down to very small proportions. General Washington had stopped with him long enough in 1783 to become well acquainted with the possibilities of his skilful manipulation of the basting spoon and larding knife, and when the General returned to New York in 1789 to assume the executive office, Sam was installed as steward to the first President. Washington had a high appreciation of the good things of the table, but was both methodical and economical in his expenditures; and so when, in the spring of 1790, Sam proudly served the "first North River shad of the season" one morning, the General promptly inquired its cost. "Two dollars," blandly replied Sam. The General refused to countenance such extravagance, and ordered the fish from the table. Sam retired to the kitchen with his prize, and there swallowed his chagrin by making a hearty meal off the shad himself. Fraunce disappeared from public view after Washington's removal to Philadelphia, but the old tavern that knew him for twenty-five years remains, a historical memory, and a monument to the honesty of builders and masons in the days before the Revolution.

Passing St. Paul's Church, that old familiar pile, sacred alike to religion and history, the next oldest structure in the city, of authentic date, is the Van Cortland Manor-House, near the extreme northern limits of the city, and now embraced within the territory recently acquired by the Park Commissioners, and to be known as Van Cortland Park when improved. The house was built in 1748 by Frederick van Cortland, who inherited the estate from Jacobus van Cortland, his father, Mayor of New York from 1710 to 1719. Jacobus van Cortland came into possession of the property through his marriage, in 1691, to Eva, daughter of Frederick Phillipse, of the famous Phillipse Manor, and whose domain extended over the larger portion of Westchester County. The house is distinctively colonial in its architecture, and the only one of that order among all the old ones left. Built of red sandstone from the Hudson River quarries, and trimmed with limestone granite from the neighboring quarries of Westchester, its broad front, facing the south, presented a pleasing contrast to the monotony of most houses of that period. The house was right in the heart of that "debatable ground" made memorable by the antics of the "skinners" and "cow-boys," whose guerilla warfare and depredations on friend and foe alike during the Revolution are part of the "history in fiction" so grandly depicted in Fenimore Cooper's work *The Spy*. The property has always remained in the possession of the Van Cortlands up to the time it was taken by the city for park purposes, and to this day some of Frederick van Cortland's direct descendants are residing in the old Manor-House.

Of the old domains that this story treats of, the only one that remains, directly or indirectly, in the possession of the family by whom it was built, is the Striker homestead. It is beautifully situated on the sloping bank of the Hudson about where West Fifty-second Street would run were it cut through to the river. Shut off by a high board fence from the gaze of passers-by, and surrounded on three sides by tall factories and tenements, one would hardly look there for a remembrance that carries the mind back about one hundred and forty years, when all New York above the present City Hall Park was a succession of wooded hills, here and there interspersed with farm-houses and country-seats of wealthy city merchants. The house, just as it stands to-day, excepting some trifling alterations, was built in 1751 by John Hopper, the great-grandfather of its present owner, James Alexander Striker. The walls are of hewn stone, three feet thick, covered in with clapboards, and are apparently as sound to-day as when built. In its architecture there was not much elaboration, the builder confining himself to the simple but substantial Dutch-English style then prevailing. The parlor and dining-room are spacious, extending the whole depth of the house, and fitted with those low seats in the embrasured windows that made such cozy courting coverts for the old-time lovers. During the lifetime of General Garret H. Striker, who was a veteran of the second war with Great Britain, the homestead was the scene of many a gathering of brilliant men and minds. General Winfield Scott, Henry Clay, Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and others of that brainy coterie spread their legs many a time under General Striker's hospitable mahogany dining table, which his son, James Alexander Striker, carefully cherishes in his modern home on West Fifty-second Street, near Eighth Avenue.

About the year 1760 a little collection of cottages, one store, and a tavern were grouped together on the Bloomingdale Road (now the Boulevard) about where West Seventieth Street intersects. The embryo village was known as Harsenville, and the name is to be found on some of the ancient maps of the city and its environs. Jacob Harsen, or Haerson, was the lord of the little hamlet, and to him, in his big farm-house on top of a neighboring hill, some distance back from the road, the village paid tribute. Harsen raised *kraut und betel*, which he marketed in the city; though he could not have raised very bountiful crops on his forty acres or so, for if it is to be judged by what is left of the original domain, its rocky and sterile surface would not give sustenance to a dozen of the goats that abounded thereabouts a few years ago. However, Harsen had built him a fine house for that section then, and it is still standing, but in a woful state of dilapidation. The house can be traced back to 1760, and was probably built some time before that. It was substantial, like most houses of the time, and if looked after with ordinary care, would still be in a good state of preservation. It is situated on a slight eminence about one hundred yards back from the Boulevard, between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets. The house has the typical Dutch roof, but part of the portico that reached across the front has fallen away. The walls beneath the boarding are of rough stone, and very thick. In the west wall of the house is a great hole, said to have been made by a round shot from the British frigate Asia, when she sailed up the Hudson at the beginning of the Revolution. That the property had a very substantial money value is evidenced by the tax list of 1790, in which Jacob Harsen is assessed $8000 on "his farm and house in Bloomingdale." This represented a very tidy investment in those days, and it was sufficient to make Harsen's descendants of to-day all wealthy people. What is left of the original property now belongs to the Halstead estate.

On the west of the Boulevard, between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets, stands a big white house with Corinthian pillars extending to the eaves. It was built by the Governor of the Dutch colony of Demerara, Van den Heuvel by name, about the close of the Revolution, but exactly in what year is not certain, although the house was taxed in 1790 for $20,000. The house, inside and out, is substantially the same as when erected, excepting that the attic, with dormer-windows under a Flemish peaked roof, has been changed into an additional story with a flat roof. This change, made about forty years ago, while, of course, making more room in the house, destroyed its architectural beauty, which must have been considerable. The house was intended by the Dutch governor for a summer retreat from the fevers and tropical heat of Demerara; and when he arrived in New York to commence its erection, he brought with him in his own vessel all the material of which it was to be constructed, down to the smallest detail of internal fittings, excepting only the stone for the walls, which was quarried on the west bank of the Hudson. He brought, besides, about fifty of his own slaves, many of them skilled artisans; and these, it is said, performed the entire labor of building and fitting up the great house. Even the elaborate carving on the hard-wood mantels is said to have been done by slave labor. All the doors, window-frames, and joiner-work inside are of Spanish cedar; and so well seasoned was the wood, and so faithful the work, that the doors and windows fit and move as smoothly in their frames as if it was modern work done but a month ago instead of being over one hundred years old. The outer doors, of black oak, are held suspended on hinges two feet long, and almost heavy enough to withstand an ancient battering-ram. Some of the Dutch tiling about the fireplaces would be considered a treasure in many a modern house of wealth. Taken altogether, this old house, in solidity of workmanship and faithfulness of detail, is probably the best specimen of interior finish that exists in America. The cost of such work on an interior to-day would be within reach of only the longest purse, yet it cost this gruff old Dutchman only the sailing of his ship across from the shores of Dutch Guiana and the maintenance of his retinue of slaves. Every year thereafter, until about 1812, he spent his summers in this beautiful house, sailing up the Hudson to a point opposite the residence, and there disembarking his family and slaves. He also brought a ship-load of coffee, indigo, spices, and other tropical products, which were readily disposed of to the city merchants. The governor was a surly, unsociable old person, and was left pretty much to himself during his periodical residence here, and this is possibly the reason that his name does not appear in the social annals of his time. One of his daughters married John Hamilton, son of Colonel Alexander Hamilton, while another married a Schermerhorn, and became the mother of the late Mrs. John J. Astor. A constant visitor to the house of the governor was a courtly gentleman, one M. Louis, tutor to the Somerindyke children, in a neighboring mansion. This gentleman, after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, returned to France, and after the revolution of 1830 ascended the throne, his heritage, as Louis Philippe. After Van den Heuvel's permanent departure from the country the house changed hands a number of times, finally being purchased by John J. Astor, who now owns it. A school was held in the basement of the old house, with James Wilson as master, about 1820 to 1825. Wilson, in poking about the attic, came across an old red uniform coat of some British soldier; this he put to odd usage. When one of his pupils misbehaved, the punishment for the refractory one was an hour's stand in the corner, attired in the red coat. The disgrace of this punishment was more efficacious than the terrors of the birch rod, for in those days a part of the daily lesson of every American child was execration of the red-coated Briton.

Hidden behind a row of flats on Ninth Avenue, between Ninetieth and Ninety-first streets, is the old Apthorpe Mansion. Much has been said of it lately, but little that has been said is true. Many pictures have been printed of it, but very few of them faithful. The house is a most excellent example of an English country residence of the last century. Pleasing to the eye in every way, consistent in its proportions, there is nothing distinctive or remarkable in its architecture. Charles Ward Apthorpe was an English gentleman of refinement and culture who lived for a number of years in America prior to the Revolution. He built the mansion at Bloomingdale in 1767, and there resided until the close of the war. He was a member of Governor Tryon's Colonial Council for more than twenty years, and being an ardent loyalist, after the peace of 1783 all his property, both in New York and Massachusetts, was confiscated by an act of the Provisional Congress; he removed to Nova Scotia, and there died. It has been said that Washington made this house his head-quarters during the time that the British and Continental armies were skirmishing in and about Harlem Plains. This is incorrect. Lord William Howe and his staff occupied the Apthorpe Mansion, while Washington and his officers were quartered at the house of Colonel Roger Morris, some three or four miles above. Washington was not again in that neighborhood until the war closed. Manifestly, the story that Nathan Hale here planned his expedition into the ranks of the enemy is equally incorrect, for had Hale reached this house he was far within the enemy's lines already. The mansion has passed through many vicissitudes since it was abandoned as a private residence. Colonel Jonathan Thorne was the last occupant as well as owner; but for more than twenty years, and almost up to date, the proud old mansion has been an adjunct to a German beer-garden, and relegated to the spirituous and bodily wants of the members of such organizations as the "Original Hound Guards," etc., and to whom it was popularly known as Elm Park.

One hundred years ago Claremont's history commenced in the shadow of a mystery. To-day its history continues in another shadow, the shadow of General Grant's tomb. Shortly after the close of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain, Lord Courteney, who afterward became the Earl of Devon, quietly came to New York and built the house which was then, and ever since has been, called Claremont. There was some deep mystery in Lord Courteney's taking up his residence among the then recent enemies of his country, and this has never been explained. Lord Courteney furnished the house in most elegant style, and filled it with works of art, which he brought from Europe. He was a bachelor, and during his residence here was visited by Mr. and Mrs. St. Claire Pollock and their child. During their stay the child died, and was buried, at Lord Courteney's instance, at the edge of the bluff overlooking the Hudson immediately opposite the house. A tasteful monumental urn marks the spot where the child's remains lie, and shares, after General Grant's mausoleum, the interest of all visitors to that part of the beautiful Riverside Park. Lord Courteney returned to Europe about the close of the last century, and the estate was purchased by Dr. Wright Post, a wealthy and eminently successful surgeon of those days, and one of the first members of the faculty of Columbia College Medical School. Dr. Post occupied Claremont as a country-seat for a few years, and then leased it to "Uncle" Ned Jones, a famous tavern-keeper of his time, who opened a public-house there about the beginning of the present century; and it has been such almost continuously since. The house is practically the same now as then; the only changes made were necessary to adapt it to the purposes of a house of entertainment, though the lively blades of ninety years ago would hardly recognize, in its modern and tasteful appointments, the place where they used to gather and toast their fair friends first and General Washington next. The property remained in the possession of Dr. Post's heirs until it was taken by the city in 1873 to be a part of Riverside Park.

The Jumel House is surrounded with clustering memories of war, love, and litigation. Its commanding situation, on the high hill just below High Bridge, has long made it a landmark in upper New York, and its history was made familiar to the last generation by reason of the twenty years of litigation over the estate to determine the legitimacy of Madame Jumel's only child. The house was built in 1763 by Colonel Roger Morris, who was one of the Morris family of Monmouthshire, from whence came Richard Morris, who established the Manor of Morrisania in 1670. Roger Morris married, in 1758, Mary Phillipse, of Phillipse Manor, on the Hudson, one of the most beautiful women of her day, and to whom, it is said, young Colonel Washington paid most assiduous court before he met the widow Custis. Colonel Morris fought with Washington through the French and Indian war. He was also a member of the Governor's Provincial Council, and after the Declaration of Independence, adhering still to the Crown, he cast his lot with the British army. After the war closed, Congress confiscated his property, and he returned to England with his wife, where he died in 1794. After the disastrous battle of Long Island, when Washington was compelled to abandon the city, he occupied the Roger Morris house as his head-quarters while carrying on his operations in and about Harlem Plains and Washington Heights. The assumption that Washington's choice of this mansion as his head-quarters was dictated by a sentimental wish to be in the home of his early love, Mary Phillipse, is very improbable. The mansion's commanding situation offered an excellent view of the surrounding country, and the enemy's movements for miles around, in any direction, could be seen from the roof. After Washington's retreat across New Jersey, the mansion was occupied for a time by the Hessian General Knyphausen. It then seems to have met the fate of so many others of New York's handsome suburban homes, and became, for a time, a tavern, kept by one Talmage Hall. During its career as a public-house it was visited by Stephen Jumel, a wealthy Frenchman, who afterward bought it, and carried there as his wife the beautiful but frivolous Polly Bowen, of Providence. The life of Jumel thereafter was not passed in a bower of roses. His wife had smiles for all men, and particularly for the charming and brill-